

VOL. VIII NO. 23

MIDDLEBURG, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1945

Single Copy 20 Cents
\$5.00 Per Year In Advance
\$6.00 Per Year In Canada

Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

Evidence Plainly Shows That Racing Is Being Whipped Around The Stump

As time passes and the evidence continues to pile up, everything points to the fact that the closing of the race tracks by government fiat, was a punitive, rather than a necessary war-time measure.

Attention has previously been called, in this department, to the fact that the President himself has semi-officially "given the green light" to base-ball. That, moreover, foot-ball has been recipient of the glad tidings that little interference with its operations may be apprehended.

In view of the fact that an unprecedented outcry has been raised, in the first place, as regards the necessity of recruiting man-power for the war-munitions factories; and, in the second place, as regards the alleged flocking to the race tracks of war-workers, who were "slack-ing" on their jobs, these facts become highly significant.

In the first place, as has been pointed out, base-ball is an all-week industry, running throughout the season on Sundays as well as week-days. Whereas there is no Sunday racing.

It is also the boast of the base-ball promoters that on the average the crowds at the ball parks are larger than those at the race parks.

As is well known, the percentage of males which attend base ball is much larger than the percentage attending the races. The attraction of the races for feminine sport-lovers decidedly excels the attraction of

Continued on Page Seventeen

1,309 Entries Listed For 58th Running Of Futurity At Belmont

When entries closed two weeks ago in the offices of the Westchester Racing Association for the Futurity of 1947, the totals were the highest for the past decade, both in number of mares named and the number of those making the nominations. A total of 1,309 mares were named by 188 interests. This means that the Futurity at Belmont, to be run in approximately two years and nine months from now, will have a gross value of about \$80,000 and maintain its top rank as the world's richest event for 2-year-olds who are, in fact, entered before they are born.

Continued on Page Ten

Masters Of Foxhounds Addressed By Lord Burghley At Annual Meeting

All Officers Re-Elected; Lawrence Parrish, Edward Voss And Rufus Finch New Members Of Executive Committee; Secretary Reports 124 Organized Hunts

The annual meeting and dinner of the Masters of Foxhounds Association was held on Friday, January 26th at the Union Club, New York City.

That organized hunting is holding its own was brought out in the secretary's report which showed one hundred and twenty-four organized hunts of which ninety-nine are recognized, seventeen registered, four Canadian and four Army. There are two hundred sixty-five members of the Association—Masters and Ex-Masters—this against two hundred sixty last year.

Three well known and beloved members died during the year—James Boyd, Clarence Robbins and Kenneth Schley, Masters respectively of the Moore County, Smithtown and Essex Hounds.

Three new members were added to the Executive Committee: Lawrence Parrish, New York; Edward Voss, Maryland, and Rufus Finch, New Jersey.

The slate of officers was re-elected: President, W. Plunket Stewart; Honorary Vice-Presidents, A. Henry Higginson and H. I. Nickolas; 1st Vice-President, J. Watson Webb; 2nd Vice-President, A. E. Ogilvie;

Secretary-Treasurer, C. Wadsworth Howard.

The company at dinner numbered sixty-three. Guests of the evening were Lord Burghley, Governor of Bermuda, Reginald Reeves, President of the Coaching Club and Louis E. Stoddard, President, Horse and Mule Association.

The presence of Lord Burghley and his speech gave great pleasure and was of much interest. Burghley is a fine sportsman and few have done more in sport—World's champion hurdler, Master of Foxhounds, President of the British Olympic Association and the British Amateur Athletic Association. He is a firm believer in sport as the best medium of international understanding and friendship and this belief and his pleasure in so believing could not have been presented better.

Mr. Reeves, a young man in his 80's, is always an inspiration and it was fine to have Mr. Stoddard representing the Horse and Mule Association so continually active and "on the ball" with everything to do with horse flesh.

In spite of no hound show, it does good for sportsmen to get together and this was a good occasion.

Monthly Horsemanship Contests Are Planned For "Barbara's Gang"

By Railbird

It was our pleasure recently to witness a horsemanship contest so unique and so valuable, we feel it should receive notice. The Barbara Worth Stables in Sacramento, California, have always been noted for their pioneering in new fields of equestrian progress, and Barbara Zimmerman, owner and instructor, is ever on the alert for new ideas to further the ability of a truly outstanding group of youngsters. We have already waxed enthusiastic many times over these California children, who have been jumping 4'-0" jumps and better since the age of eight, not only on schooled horses, but on peppery Thoroughbreds not long off the track, and green, unschooled colts. Now they are proving themselves right on top in form riding as well, and we venture to guess that they would be pretty hard to beat in any equitation class.

Continued on page Seventeen

Training Of Mine Dogs Suspended By Quartermaster Corps

Increasing need for scout dogs and messenger dogs and developments in various mechanical mine detectors have resulted in the suspension of training of additional M-dogs by the Quartermaster Corps, the War Department announced on February 1.

Although reports that dogs were being trained in mine detection led to immediate and widespread public speculation upon their performance, pre-combat field tests overseas have indicated that further experimentation is necessary to fully establish the dogs' value, as compared to various mechanical methods, in specific types of mine detection. Limited experimentation will be continued with already trained M-dogs.

A little more than a year ago, when every effort was being made to decrease losses from land mines, The Quartermaster General was asked if it might be possible to use War Dogs

Continued on Page Ten

New York Racing Commission Names Cole As Chairman

Succeeds Herbert B. Swope Whose Resignation Took Effect January 31

At a meeting held February 1, the New York State Racing Commission announced the election of Ashley Trimble Cole as Chairman to succeed Herbert Bayard Swope, whose resignation took effect January 31. Mr. Cole was appointed a member of the Commission by Governor Lehman in 1942, for a term of six years.

Born in New York City, Mr. Cole attended Columbia University and the New York Law School. He has been practicing law since 1900 and in 1916 became counsel for the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, where he still serves in that capacity. His sons, Ashley and Hugh Cole, are on active duty with the Navy.

Mr. Cole's interest in the sport of horse racing antedates his long membership in the Turf and Field Club. His associate in the New York State Racing Commission is David Dows, prominent Long Island sportsman, and noted steeplechase rider and polo player, who has been interested in turf affairs for many years. Governor Dewey is soon expected to name the third commissioner to fill the vacancy that was created by the resignation of former Chairman Swope.

Mr. Cole announced that Harry J. Millar, former turf scribe and member of the New York Turf Writers Association, had been appointed the

Continued on Page Four

Goldenwood Defeats Fourteen Hunters In Pinehurst Gymkhana

By Martha Fletcher

Goldenwood, lovely chestnut mare owned by Mrs. Alan Robson and ridden by Mrs. W. O. Moss, won the hunter class held over the handy outside course at the Carolina Hotel, Pinehurst, North Carolina, February 4, to defeat a field of 14. Second place went to Little Gold, a small chestnut mare, and 3rd to Gold Star, chestnut gelding, both horses owned and ridden by Micky Walsh and daughter Joan respectively.

Many of the spectators and riders were surprised when the good looking bay gelding Dunkirk from the Mile-Away Stables wasn't put in 2nd place, for he is a very handsome

Continued on Page Twenty

Hunting Notes:-



DEEP RUN HUNT CLUB

Richmond, Virginia.
Established 1887, 1923.
Recognized 1905.

Deep Run had one of its best drag hunts of the season Saturday, January 27.

Miss Gina Marraccini, Deep Run's feminine huntsman was getting sand in her bathing suit on the beaches of Florida, and Dr. James Asa Shield was attending the Master of Foxhounds dinner in New York, so Fred Kohler, first whipper-in of the junior hunt, carried the horn.

Fred took out 9 1-2 couple and did a masterful job. It was the first time he ever actually had hunted a pack.

The field met at Pepper and Patterson Avenues, where the dozen or so riders which left kennels with the hounds were joined by Jim Ball on Golden Grain, Sam Schoolar on Nancy Anne, and T. F. Loughborough on The Plainsman. With this group was Mrs. Verser Todd, on her famous jumper, Huntsman's Pride, and a bundle of youngsters on ponies.

Walter Craigie was master for the afternoon as Joint-M. F. H. Dr. John M. Hughes was laid up with a cold.

Hounds broke fast and the line carried to Three Chopt Road with no time lost getting there.

Just across the road, at Franklin's, a new three-panelled white plank fence has been built and Kohler, who was mounted on Colonel Henry W. Anderson's Red Mischief, got a refusal in spite of plenty of leg work. Red Mischief then corkscrewed over and the field followed in fairly good order.

The pace was fast through the University woods, but the acting master checked hard at the top of a crest and a priceless view of the pack was had, working on an adjoining hill. The music was of the "red-seal" variety.

We forded the creek into the University of Richmond grounds and the next cast followed a short hack to West of the power house. This line carried to the gates near Westhampton College.

Hounds next hit the line at Forest and River Roads, wound through the woods toward Zionsville and then turned abruptly North to Ridge Road, near Dr. Jones.

The next cast was through a new stretch North of Dr. Jones' and came out just off Patterson Avenue, West of University Heights.

Succeeding casts were North of Patterson, to Forest and Patterson, then to Overlook, Dr. Dunn's and to Libbie and Monument.

It was a good afternoon.—W. W. C.

FOXCATCHER HOUNDS

Fair Hill (P. O., Elkton), Cecil County, Maryland.
Established 1912.
Recognized 1926.

I was recently talking to O'Malley Knott and John Bowditch in New York; I was telling them of an occurrence on November 23rd, with the Foxcatcher Hounds. They both insisted that I report this unusual incident to The Chronicle.

On November 23rd, we were hunting in a section of our country, known as "The Block" and a fox was viewed by Mr. William du Pont. The huntsman, with the hounds, was a short distance away, but came on rapidly and, within five minutes, the hounds were on the line. After galloping perhaps ten minutes, Mr. William duPont, Mr. Bruce Donaldson and the writer were to the northeast of the hounds; they were coming toward us. Mr. duPont suddenly stopped, pointing ahead, and there sat the fox, just outside of a small covert of pines, sitting there on his haunches, and the hounds coming at full cry, not an eighth of a mile away. On they came, and there sat the fox; they actually ran over him and, never touched him. They then feathered out; the scent was lost and, while they were casting, the fox leisurely trotted back into the covert.

In a few minutes, Kemp Fuhr, the Huntsman, had the hounds on the line again and we had an additional twenty-five to thirty minutes run and the same fox was marked to ground. The only explanation of such a thing is that the scent was so good, the hounds were practically running without eyes.

I would not even have dared to repeat this occurrence, fearing that I would be laughed at, had it not been for the fact that there were two additional witnesses, as mentioned.—J. K. Johnston.

CAMARGO HUNT

Spooky Hollow Road, Montgomery, Ohio.
(P. O. R. F. D., 10, Box 255, Cincinnati, 27, Ohio).
Established 1925.
Recognized 1928.

February Fixtures

Saturday, Feb. 10 1:30 P. M. Mr. Vandredbilt's
Tuesday, Feb. 13 2:00 P. M. Mr. Emery's South Gate
Thursday, Feb. 15 2:00 P. M. Mr. utphin's Stables
Saturday, Feb. 17 1:30 P. M. Mr. Goodman's
Tuesday, Feb. 20 2:00 P. M. Mr. Smith's
Thursday, Feb. 22 2:00 P. M. Mr. Emery's South Gate
Saturday, Feb. 24 1:30 P. M. Camargo Stables
Tuesday, Feb. 27 2:00 P. M. The Kennels
Leonard S. Smith, Jr., and O. Degray Vanderbilt, Jr. Joint Masters.

MOORE COUNTY HOUNDS

Southern Pines, Moore County, North Carolina.
Established 1914.
Recognized 1920.

Hounds met Saturday, January 20, (drag hunt), at 3 p. m., at Almet Jenks. On that day 10 1-2 couple went out. Hounds drew in back of Mr. Jenks', struck the line at the dairy farm and went away for a few fields when hounds checks and swung left over the old hunter trial course. Lloyd Tate's horse came a cropper in a blind ditch. Mr. Tate came up with his face scratched and a black eye.

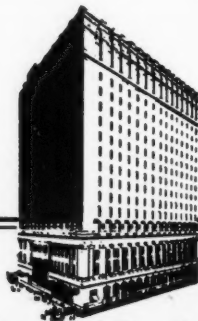
Back of High Top the field went over a big post and rail fence which some of the horses found almost too large for them. Back across Carrol's Branch and into the W. O. Moss property hounds went, killing in his pasture. Hounds ran altogether very fast for 48 minutes, hunting very well and finishing in a pack.

W. O. Moss is hunting hounds and doing a grand job in carrying on in place of Jackson Boyd. Mrs. Moss helps out by acting as whipper-in.

Mr. Moss was riding Witch Doctor this day; Mrs. Moss, Jay Bee; Nancy Johnson, Cherrio; Major and Mrs. Frank Parker, Lloyd Tate, Calvert Alexander, acting field master, Ralph Trix on Grey Eagle; Peggy Ewing on Henry's Dream; Martha Teatlebaum riding Cinders; Dwight Winkelman on Renown; Micky Walsh, Kathleen and Joan Walsh; Mrs. John Vass riding Green Cotton;

John Vass on Dunkirk, 5-year-old b. g. by Larking—Old Gold, made up the field.—J. V.

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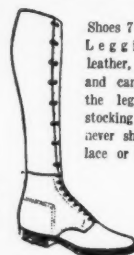
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Because of the help shortage the Davis and Jones Corporation, publishers of the illustrated booklet on equitation, mentioned above, have asked that orders for this booklet be sent directly to me.

HORSEMANSHIP ON A SHOE STRING contains as much data on riding as you'll find in a costly volume; it covers everything that a Boy Scout or Girl Scout should know to secure a Merit Badge or Proficiency Badge in horsemanship. It contains data that every rider should know and use in the interests of his own safety, comfort, and kindness to animals. I have been riding since 1914, writing professionally since 1926. Before submitting HORSEMANSHIP ON A SHOE STRING to publishers I checked it against the best books on the subject from England, Italy, France, Russia, and Denmark, as well as those of our own United States. You can't go wrong on the booklet. Junior and Adult will alike find it good reading—interesting—instructive.

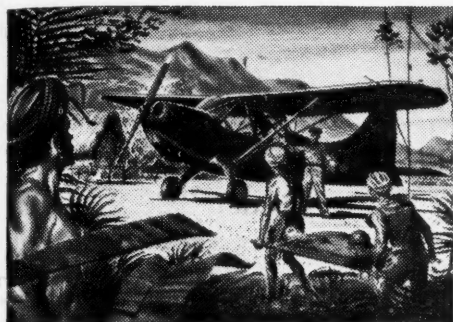
Price: fifty cents with order. I pay the postage.

Edward Dickinson,
74 Brunswick Street,
Rochester (7) New York

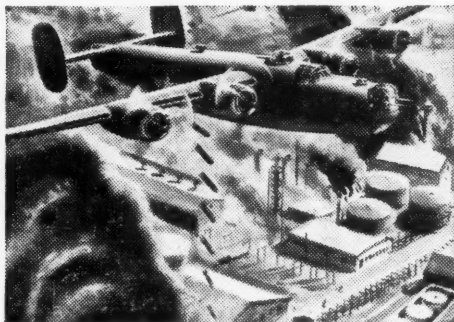
8 QUESTIONS

for everyone whose boy wears Wings

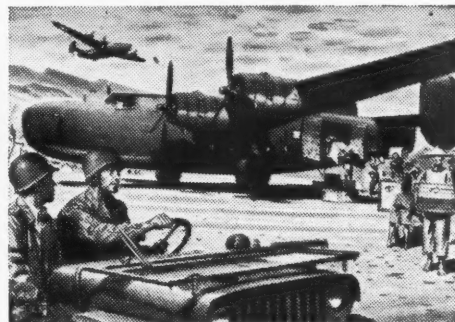
IF YOUR BOY wears flight-crew wings on his chest...or the ground-crew wing insignia on his shoulder...you can be certain that his batting average on this quiz would be 100 per cent. Before you look at the answers (lower right corner), read the captions under these eight pictures and see how many of the planes you can identify correctly...



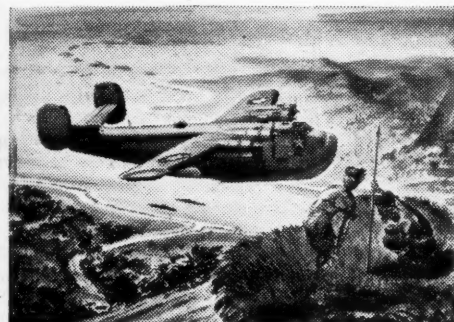
1 This tiny Consolidated Vultee plane is used as a flying ambulance, speeding wounded men from jungle clearings to base hospitals. As an observation plane, it hovers in the air as "the eyes upstairs" for our artillery. It has even directed tanks battling on the ground below. Can you name the plane?



2 This 4-engine, long-range Consolidated Vultee bomber has made front-page headlines for over 2 years. It has been dropping tons of bombs on Axis targets from Berlin to outposts in the far Pacific...was the first to bomb the Ploesti oil fields in Rumania. Can you identify it?



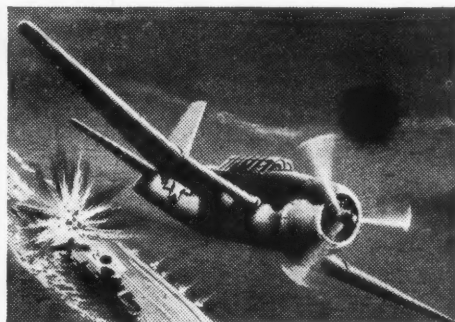
3 Shuttling military supplies and personnel around the world, this cargo-carrying version of the famous Consolidated Vultee long-range bomber flies regularly across both oceans...and on the dangerous Himalayan route over "The Hump" to China. What is the name of this plane?



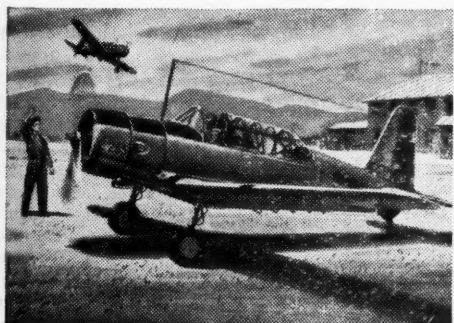
4 With its crew of 10 men, this huge 4-engine Consolidated Vultee patrol bomber has played an important role for the U. S. Navy, both on long-range patrol duty and as a cargo carrier. As spacious as a railroad freight car, it can carry a 15-ton cargo. Do you know this plane?



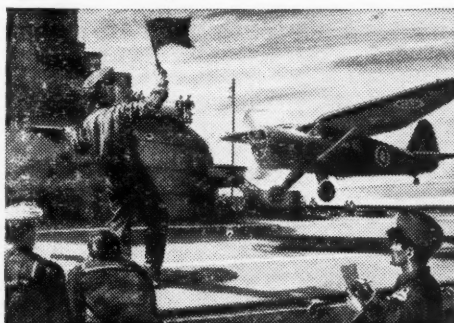
5 Tracking down the German battleship, *Bismarck*, was only one of many illustrious episodes in the war history of this famous twin-engine Consolidated Vultee Navy patrol bomber. It has also doubled as a torpedo plane, cargo carrier, and rescue plane. Can you name it?



6 The Japs, especially, can attest to the deadly accuracy of this hard-hitting Consolidated Vultee dive bomber. Unique hydraulic brake flaps on the wings enable the pilot to aim his bombs with amazing precision control during the dive. What is the name of this plane?



7 Your boy — like most of today's pilots — probably received his basic flight training in this Consolidated Vultee two-seater plane. Its power, flying characteristics, and general behavior aided him in graduating to the more advanced type of plane he is flying today. What is the name of this basic trainer?



8 This one may stump you. It is a high-gull-winged monoplane, designed and built by Consolidated Vultee under the direction of the Army Air Forces. It is used for teaching British Royal Navy fliers, operating from aircraft carriers, how to navigate. Essentially, it is a famous American peacetime light plane. Can you name it?

Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation is the world's largest builder of airplanes.

ANSWERS All eight of these planes were designed, developed and built by Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation. Their names:

1—Flying Jeep. 2—Liberator bomber. 3—Liberator Express transport plane. 4—Coronado patrol bomber. 5—Catalina patrol bomber. 6—Vengeance dive bomber. 7—Valiant basic trainer. 8—Reliant navigational trainer.

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ESTABLISHED 1937

Stacy B. Lloyd, Jr., Publisher

Nancy G. Lee, Editor
(Middleburg, Va. — Berryville, Va.)Advertising Offices:
LITTELL-MURRAY-BARNHILL, INC.

101 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and Berryville, Va.

Gordon Ross Drawings reproduced through the courtesy of William E. Rudge's Sons, Inc.

Entered as second class matter in Middleburg, Virginia; additional entry at Berryville, Virginia.

Printed Weekly At
Berryville, Va.

Subscription Price:

\$5.00 in Advance
\$6.00 in Canada and other foreign countriesClassified Advertising:
\$2.00 Per Inch

Friday, February 9, 1945

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
THE CHRONICLE welcomes, not only the latest news, but personal views of readers, on all subjects of general interest pertaining to the Thoroughbred, the Steeplechase, the Horse Show and the Hunting Field. The views expressed by correspondents are not necessarily those of THE CHRONICLE.

Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

Subscribers are urged to report any irregularity in the delivery of THE CHRONICLE, and when reporting changes of address state the former address where paper had been received.

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BRENTANO'S BOOK STORE, 48th and 5th Avenue, New York

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Editorials

OLD-FASHIONED AMERICAN LINES

Despite the importation of Epsom Derby winners and other fashionable stallions, the 1944 season conclusively proves that the old-fashioned American lines still hold their own when **Chance Play** proved the leading sire of the year and **Peace Chance**, a son of **Chance Shot**, full brother to **Chance Play**, finished in 2nd place.

The **Fair Plays**, of which **Man o'War** is one, represent one of the best staying lines to be found the world over—just as our **Dominos** are said to rank with any speed line to be found anywhere in the world. Between the staying **Fair Plays** and the speedy **Dominos**, we have the **Ben Brush** line that often produces sprinters as well as those which can stay over distance of ground.

The fact that the **Fair Plays** led the sire list of 1944 may have a great deal of effect on the breeding of America and England in the immediate years to come. There is a hope in this country that the Jersey Act, which bars the majority of American bred horses from the General Stud Book of England, will be done away with. There is also the growing thought that the progress of aviation will make international races common in the years to come.

It will be easy, aviation experts tell us, to transport horses between England and the United States with such a minimum of time that the racing form of the horse will not be greatly affected.

Third on the leading sires list, we find imported **Bull Dog** and next to him, imported **Pharamond II**. **Bull Lea**, son of the imported **Bull Dog** and **Case Ace**, son of the imported **Teddy** are 5th and 6th respectively on the list. However, a point for those who stump for the old-fashioned American lines is that the **Fair Plays** are still powerful in the scheme of breeding though in the past twenty years more fashionable stallions were imported to these shores than at any other like period in American breeding annals.

A search into the records of the Belmont Stakes, or the Jockey Club Gold Cup, will reveal that the **Fair Plays** have not only held their own in years gone by, but that they continue to do so, in spite of such worthy imported competitors as **Sir Gallahad III**, **Blenheim II**, **Cohort**, **Challenger II**, **Bull Dog**, **Pharamond II** and others.

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Letters to the Editor

Heavyweights

Dear Editor:

On page four of your January 12, 1945 issue, was a letter telling of a Thoroughbred mare **Princeta**, by **Peter Hastings**, that weighed 1,540 pounds.

I have a two-year-old Thoroughbred filly, **Bombers Moon**, registered in the Jockey Club, foaled at my Canadian farm, out of **Watchful Era**, a 16.3 Canadian broodmare by the 17.1 Remount stallion **Flarion**, that also shows promise of becoming a heavyweight.

I may be in Virginia this spring and would, through you, like to ask **Princeta's** owner, P. T. Cheff, if I would be welcome as a caller to see **Princeta**. I believe I would learn something of help to me in my own attempt to breed heavyweight hunters.

Yours very truly,
Charles K. Bassett,
Pres. Saddle & Bridle Club
of Buffalo.

January 31, 1945.

Dash In Brazil

Dear Mr. Ely:

Your letter of April 3rd arrived here by our last mail. It was censored four times and over seven months on the way.

We live a bit out of the way and if I had those enlargements made in Rio, the delay would be another couple of months, so I am sending you those 2 negatives which you can use as you see fit and keep them for me until my return to U. S.

Our "Tigre" hunting is very much the same as foxhunting only that some of those cats when chased by the hounds climb trees and are easily shot and some face the pack on the ground and if that happens to be in thick cover, there usually is some excitement and the spear is the only safe weapon.

On rare occasions a Tigre will refuse to be chased and as soon as he hears the hounds, comes to meet them in which case the spear also is handy.

As soon as Dash understood what kind of "foxes" we wanted to hunt he became master in no time, except that he did not know how to "bark up the treed cat". Eventually he also learned that and gave us some fine hunting.

His masterpiece was done when he led my pack of eight dogs chasing one famous cattle-killing Tigre whom the natives called "Mata-cachorro" (dog-killer) because he knew how to ambush dogs on his trail and kill them. This chap had killed over thirty dogs and no hunter in the vicinity dared to follow him.

I did it not knowing with whom I was dealing and once the chase was on, there was no turning back. Fortunately it was fairly open country so that I could follow a couple of miles on horseback and my pack gave him no time for ambush. Dash was on his tail from the very beginning. When he finally climbed a low bushy tree to catch his breath, I jumped off my horse to close in, but only had a glimpse of him jumping to the ground. I shot with my Magnum 357 S. & W. revolver and by chance hit his lower jaw. He ran a short distance into a swamp covered with tall reed grass and thornbush and turned on the pack. He nearly got Dash then and I never saw a heavy

hound move so fast out of the way of a Tigre as Dash did then.

I only could move slowly in that soft mud and the bush hindering my seeing. When I finally could place a second bullet, that cat had clawed badly three of my dogs (he did not bite and kill them because of the broken jaw), but before he could do more damage, I pinned him down with my spear.

Dash was the hero of the day and much admired by the natives . . . and by me!

Hope that this hunt gives you an idea of our game and that you still can make use of it.

Sincerely yours,

Sasha Siemel.

Barranco, Brazil Vermelho.

November 20, 1944.

Auction Sales In India

With the importation of Thoroughbred horses at a standstill, the indigenous breed have been commanding fabulous prices in the past few years. At the auction sales of 1943 and 1944, untied two-year-olds fetched as much as fifty to sixty thousand rupees, but what is probably the highest price reached has just been obtained by Major Swamvur who has disposed of his three-year-old, **What Again**.

While the actual price which was paid by the Maharaja of Idar had not (at the time of going to press) been disclosed, it is said to be in the region of a lakh of rupees. The Renala bred colt by **Jovial Monk-Sitalass** has a magnificent stride, and after his latest success he is now being freely mentioned as a potential winner of the Classic events which follow in the near future.

And talking about Thoroughbreds reminds me of Lord Rosebery's appeal to the British Government to show more latitude towards racing in Britain. Lord Rosebery is the President of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association and argued that racing was the show window by which one proved the goodness or otherwise of one's wares.

Britain, before the war, exported on an average easily over a thousand animals a year. And since the demand now is greater than it ever has been in the past, Lord Rosebery argued, "We read everywhere, that if Britain wishes to maintain her pre-eminence, she must increase her export trade. Here we have a commodity desired all over the world, and which can be obtained nowhere else in such excellence as in these islands. The British Thoroughbred stands alone. At present there is a demand for it all over the world. India, Australia, South America and North America are all wanting our Thoroughbreds. They want to buy the best, and, therefore, must come here."

(Editor's Note: The above was a clipping which Captain Gerald B. Webb, Jr., sent to The Chronicle from India).

New York Racing

Continued from Page One

new Secretary to the Commission, succeeding Eugene Campbell, resigned, who will continue with the Commission's staff for an indefinite period. Mr. Cole announced that the present offices of the State Racing Commission at 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be retained.

Irish Horse Notes

By Neil C. Collins

American Influence On Irish Equestrian Sports

From time to time many Americans have entered the realm of Irish equestrian sport. Some have brought from Ireland Thoroughbred yearlings and 2-year-olds to be raced in this country. Others have brought some of Ireland's best sires and broodmares to the U. S. A. As a matter of fact I venture to state that there are few Thoroughbreds racing in America whose blood-lines cannot be traced to Irish ancestry.

If they were brought here from England you can bet your bottom dollar that their great, great granddam or grand-sire had Irish blood-lines because the English and Irish Thoroughbred market had merged for years, probably as far back as the seventeenth century.

Many of the great Irish sires of the past have been billed as English horses either through change of hands or because of a lackadaisical Irish attitude in correcting such misstatements. The English Derby winners of 1897 and 1902 respectively, *Galtee More* and *Ard Patrick*, although bred, born, reared and trained in Ireland by Mr. Gubbins, were often classified as English horses. Incidentally *Galtee More* was sold to an Australian syndicate for \$250,000. Limerick, Ireland, was the scene of many triumphs of this great Irish sire. Limerick is also the locale where the cracker-jack colt *Rounders* won his first race.

Many horses brought to America from the European Continent and from Latin America also have Irish blood-lines. This is particularly true of France and the Argentine. The million of Irish, and people of Irish descent living in the Argentine, brought some of the best Irish sires to that new country. France also got her share of Irish blue-blood horses.

What happened in the past is happening today. England and the European Continent are looking towards Ireland for Thoroughbred sires to re-stock their depleted stud farms. They are not even waiting for the end of hostilities. The Irish market is booming at the moment with most sires' lists full. However, your reporter hopes to follow through with an article on this phase of Irish horse life at length, later.

Although Americans have, in the past, been much more closely associated with the Irish Thoroughbred racer than with his Half-bred or three-quarter-bred brother, the stalwart Irish hunting horse, still they have not been found wanting with regard to the Irish hunt, as we shall see later.

Though this type of great Irish horse—the Irish hunter—was well known throughout the sporting world for years as being supreme among his class, he only really attained the zenith of his popularity in the early nineteen twenties when the Irish International Military jumping teams brought him very much to the fore with their phenomenal world successes.

American sportsmen had of course been associated with the Irish hunt long before that time.

I have in mind at the moment a couple of intrepid Americans who braved the warnings of timid huntsmen, took themselves to green Eire, and indulged their love of the chase over the six types of formidable Irish jumps, so familiar to British Islanders.

One of the greatest Irish packs functioning today after many, many years, owes its popularity to one who had hunted all over America for years before his sojourn to Ireland. I refer to H. W. Smith, better known to the hunting fraternity as Harry Worcester Smith—Author and Sportsman.

Harry arrived in Ireland bag and baggage from America some twenty odd years ago to see this so called gruelling hunting country for himself. He loved the foxhunting so much, and admired the sporting instincts of the people so well that he stayed on for years and eventually became Master of the Westmeath foxhounds. His name goes down on the annals of great huntmasters of the Westmeaths along with such names as the Earl of Longford, Mr. Norman Field et al.

The people loved him for his great sportsmanship, and the old folks around Mullingar still talk about his lavishness and daring on the hunting field. On his return to America he wrote two volumes of recollections on his hunting experiences in Europe, and in glowing terms paid respects to Irish hunts, huntsmen and women, and the courteous, big-hearted Irish people.

Another American that comes to my mind at the moment who also proved a great asset to the Irish hunt is Mr. C. S. Bird, a Boston manufacturer, who sometime around the nineteen twenties inaugurated the first American hunt club in Ireland. He crossed over with a couple of Bostonian friends and purchased Bective House near Navan in County Meath. The premises are picturesquely situated amid beautiful gardens and surroundings overlooking the river Boyne of historical fame. (It was near Navan on this river that the famous "battle of the

Boyne" was fought between King William of Orange and King James of Scotland. This battle had as much significance in Ireland as the battle of Gettysburg in America. Irishmen tried to put the Catholic King James back on the throne of England, because they wanted the supremacy of the Stuart cause. He was, however, defeated by William, and the Stuart cause was lost in Ireland forever. William was backed by Orangemen from Ulster, and in Belfast on every 12th of July, the Orange drums beat fast and furiously, to celebrate this victory.)

To get back to our huntsmen, Bective House was registered as an American club in Ireland to be used for the accommodations of Americans wishing to hunt with Irish packs.


Bird and numbers of his friends from the U. S. A. took part in many a good chase with the Meath hounds.

For the benefit of these two great American sportsmen I must add that the Meath and the Westmeath hounds are still going strong, and are hunting five days a week around Navan and Mullingar.

The Meath hounds have as Master a renowned Irish huntswoman, Mrs.

A. H. Connell who also Masters a pack of Harriers in North Kildare. She has the distinction of being the only woman in Ireland ever to manage two packs.

The Westmeath hounds are under the guidance of a Committee.



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Virginia



*BAHRAM

Fee \$2,500, No Return
(Book Full)

Br., 1932, by Blandford—Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus.

Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Six of *Bahram's first crop of eight foals were winners, including 5 stakes winners. Bura, a stakes winner, was from his second crop winners. His third crop produced eleven winners, including five stakes winners. From his fourth crop came the stakes winners Extravagance and Persion Gulf.

*CHRYSLER II

Fee \$350, With Return

Br., 1931, by *Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of Salisbury Cup, Alexandria Handicap, Babraham Stakes, Durham Handicap, etc. *Chrysler II's first American crop raced as 2-year-olds this year and include the winners Ellis and East.

HEAD PLAY

Fee, \$350, With Return

Ch., 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,312 in stakes. Sire of 62 winning sons and daughters of 250 races, including the stakes winner Tola Rose (which set a new track record of 1.56 4/5 in beating Whirlaway, Swing and Sway, etc.). Through September 30, 1944, Head Play sired 38 winners of 86 races and approximately \$84,790.00 including 6 2-year-old winners of 17 races and approximately \$19,460.00.

*HYPERIONION

Fee \$350, With Return

Ch., 1940, by Hyperion—*Penicuik II, by Buchan

Full brother to Pensive, winner of Kentucky Derby, Preakness, etc., and \$167,715 in stakes. *Hyperionion won at 2, also finished second in Saratoga Sales Stakes and third in Grand Union Hotel Stakes. He won at 4 and was unplaced only once at 3. His sire, Hyperion, led the English sire list 1940-41-42 and ranks high again this year. *Hyperionion presents an excellent outcross for mares of American bloodlines.

RAMILLIES

Fee \$350, With Return

B., 1939, by *Blenheim II—Risky, by Diadumenos

Ramillies was a first-class race horse. At 2 he finished second to Devil Diver in the Sanford Stakes and fourth to Some Chance in the Futurity. He possessed both speed and stamina. At 5 he won at all distances up to 1 1/4 miles; finished second to *Princequillo in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, 1 3/16 miles, and fourth to First Fiddle in the Massachusetts Handicap.

All mares must be accompanied by a veterinarian's certificate showing freedom from contagious diseases, and all barren and maiden mares showing that they are free from infection and sound for breeding purposes.

Return is for one year providing mare proves barren
Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945

Season of 1945 Imp. RIVAL II

Bay, 1937

*Aethelstan	*Teddy	Ajax
	Dedicace	Rondeau
	Tom Pinch	Val Suzon
Riva Bella	Lady Shimmer	Disadvantage
		Hurry On
		Bellavista
		Bridge of Eran
		Shimmer

*RIVAL II is an exceptionally well-boned horse. Stands 16.1 1/2 hands, weight 1,420 lbs.
Nominal U. S. Remount fee. Excellent accommodations for mares.
Not responsible for accident or disease.

STANDING AT
CHERRY HILL FARM

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SEDFIELD HUNT

High Point,
North Carolina.
Established 1927.
Recognized 1941.



The Sedgfield Hunt fixture for Wednesday, January 17, was at the Stables as is usual on Wednesdays, and in the absence of Joint-Master Rochelle who was out of town and Joint-Master Phillips incapacitated by a cold, Huntsman George Thomas and Whippers-In Gilbert Scott and Gaither Welker took the hounds out with a field of the Claude Suttons Jr., and Sr., and possibly one or two more. They hunted the stable side, but the going was so heavy underfoot that only Huntsman Thomas rode through pastures while the others kept to the roads in order not to tear up pastures and fields too badly. They had an interesting run through the Wiley property with the fox making a wide circle and returning to his sawdust pile den in safety.

Saturday morning, January 20, was very foggy with the earth still heavy. About eight were on hand at the meet at Sedgfield Inn, and the cast was at the old cemetery on the Adams' farm property. Hounds picked up a line in short order, and it must have been a perfect scenting day because within a period of five hours, five foxes were jumped. The first fox made a beeline straight through the Adams' property to the Jamestown-Guilford College Road, across the road into the Uwharrie Boy Scout Camp property on through the Burgess farm, across the back High Point-Greensboro Road, and fox and hounds raced on through the Shaw property while the Hunt had to follow by woods trail and dirt road because fields were too heavy to ride through. Horses and riders took a breathing spell at the Hickory Grove Methodist Protestant Church, and it appeared that hounds were coming straight toward them. However, they turned back toward the Scout property and there was a fast trip back to the Adams' farm.

Here, it was found that part of the pack had split off and Gilbert Scott, who was acting as Whipper-In became separated from the Hunt to such an extent that he thought it best not to attempt to whip in these hounds to the lead hounds and had a private race of his own with the fox being denned on the Adams' farm. In the meantime, the original fox which had taken the Hunt within about two miles of the airport and at least seven miles from the start, had also made for earth on the return trip, and Scott's hounds were running another one. Scent must have been standing three feet from the ground, as in an attempt to whip the original lead hounds onto the fox running upon the hunt's return to the Adams' farm, two more foxes were jumped and the hounds were again split up.

It was the first time that the Hunt had ever had an experience of this kind, although occasionally several foxes had been jumped in the course of a day. Huntsman Thomas and Joint-Master Rochelle elected to take the field with the major portion of the hounds, and again turned back through the Adams' farm and to the Guilford College-Jamestown Road and across this road into the Uwharrie Scout property. By this time, part of the field decided they would desert, and when it was discovered that the fox was again heading toward the Greensboro-High Point Airport, the staff decided there was no reason in killing the horses, as they were already pretty well done in with

almost five hours of pretty hard going. With hounds scattered over a ten-mile area, there wasn't much to do except leave a majority of them out and start the trek back to the kennels. Immediately upon the return to the kennels, Huntsman Thomas returned to the territory in his car and was successful in picking up all but two of the hounds who later reported to the kennels on their own.

The Annual Sedgfield Hunt Dinner Dance was given on the evening of January 23.

Wednesday, January 24, the Sedgfield Hunt fixture was at the stables and Joint-Master Earl N. Phillips with Huntsman George Thomas and Whipper-In Gilbert Scott with a field consisting of Claude Sutton, Sr., and his two sons, and Dan Whitaker report that they had an ice ride. The day was clear and the footing was good for the first time in weeks. However, the wind was blowing a gale and there was some doubt in Master Phillips' mind that there was much chance for good hunting. They worked through the Boren property, the Ward pastures, on into Wiley's, and on through Merritt's and Brockmann's and Millis', back into Wiley's and Ward's, with only an occasional yelp from the hound who imagined a fox was in his vicinity. The hounds really had little chance with the brisk wind blowing.

It is probably too early to boast, but the Sedgfield Masters take some pride in the fact that the Hunt has had to call off only one fixture this year on account of weather, and either one or both Joint-Masters have been on hand for every fixture with the exception of two, and on one of these Hunt Secretary Charles L. Kearns acted as Master. Sedgfield is keeping its fingers crossed with the hope that the weather man may permit them to fill out a complete schedule from here on.

Sedgfield has been hunting in drizzling rain, fog, and mist for several fixtures, but Saturday, January 27, seemed unbelievably good. The sky was clear and the sun shining brightly, the wind was still, and the temperature was neither too hot nor too cold—just right. The meet was at the Hurt farm, and those on hand together with those who a little later joined the hunt, numbered exactly sixteen.

The cast was in the wooded area just across from the Southern Railway tracks from the Hurt farm and on the west side of the Groometown Road. The idea in this cast was to attempt to force the fox—in case a strike was made—to the west and the open territory of the Boren and Adams farms. Shortly after the cast, the hounds gave tongue and in a few minutes the whole pack were in full cry on what apparently was a very hot line. It subsequently proved to be hot because the whole pack was screaming within ten minutes. The fox, which turned out to be a gray, attempted to cross the Groometown Road to the east and take refuge in a thick covert provided in the Pomona Terra Cotta property on the east side of the Groometown Road. In this attempt, he was unsuccessful because after a twenty-five minute run he was caught just as he jumped into the road. There were several neophytes in the field—this being their first kill. Accordingly, Joint-Master Phillips performed the ceremony of bleeding Miss Susie Schwabenton, Miss Becky Hurt, and Phillip Sutton—Phillip being the youngest member of the Sutton family and just beginning to ride

with the hunt, while Claude, Sr., and Jr. are constant and enthusiastic members. Joint-Master Rochelle awarded the mask to Spottswood Dillard, a young man who likes to hunt well enough to occasionally back his horse from the other side of Greensboro and back—a distance of some 20 to 25 miles hacking in addition to hunting—when he is unable to secure a trailer and motor power to get it to Sedgfield. The brush was awarded to Miss Susie Schwabenton because of her regular hunt attendance—through the ice and rain and mist of the season—this being her first season.

After the kill above described, hounds were lifted and carried up the Groometown Road to the northwest and cast into the north side of the Boren property. The Boren and Adams farms were drawn without results, and the hunt crossed the county road to the south, and the hounds were again cast into the Armstrong property. Here, they soon found, and this time it was a red fox. For almost three hours, he piloted hounds and hunt on three wide, dodging circles, passing his den twice and finally deciding that enough was enough and going to earth on the bank of a creek in the Armstrong property. By this time, the sixteen riding had dwindled down to Huntsman Thomas, Joint-Master Rochelle, and Claude Sutton, Sr. They picked up the hounds and trekked back to the stables after riding approximately five and a half hours.

Wednesday, January 31, was cold, clear, and windy. Joint-Master Rochelle with Huntsman Thomas and Gilbert Scott, acting as Whipper-In, took the field consisting of Kurt and Evelyn Meitner, Claude Sutton, Sr.,

Dan Whitaker, away from the stables at three o'clock with the idea that a find would be practically impossible in the cold, high wind. The cast was southwest of the stable, and not even a yelp was heard. Boren's and Ward's woods were drawn without result, and the same was true of the Wiley woods and pastures. The hounds were lifted and carried down the road to the west behind the Wiley Farm, and cast on the north side of this road adjacent to the Merritt property. Here, they began cold trailing, and they trailed through Merritt's, Suits' and the line began to get hot in the Ward's pastures and woods. It led back into

Continued on Page Nineteen

1945 Montpelier STALLIONS

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BATTLESHIP

Ch. h., 1927
by Man o'War—*Quarantine
Fee: \$600

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Wm. J. Lucas
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(PROPERTY OF MRS. W. PLUNKET STEWART)

Will Make The Season of 1945 At
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MILKMAN br., 1927	Broomstick.....	Ben Brush.....	Bramble Roseville
	Cudgel.....	Elf.....	Gilliard Sylvabelle
	Eugenia Burch.....	Ben Strome.....	Bend Or Strathfleet
	Peep o'Day.....	The Humber.....	Break Knife Keep Sake
	Milkmaid.....	Ayrshire.....	Hampton Atlanta
	Milkmaid was a stake winner at 2, 3, and 4 and lowered track record at Saratoga Springs for 7 furlongs and 1 1-16 miles.	Sundown.....	Springfield Sunshine
	Nell Olin.....	Wagner.....	Prince Charlie Duchess of Malfi
		Black Sleeves.....	Sir Dixon Lake Breeze

MILKMAN'S record in the stud is outstanding. He has sired a VERY HIGH PERCENTAGE OF WINNERS FROM STARTERS, including the stakes winners Pasteurized, Early Delivery, Buttermilk, Daily Delivery, Raylwyn, Galactic, Quizzle, etc.

His colts do well as 2-year-olds and yet are durable with many of his get running well at 5 and 6.

MILKMAN'S eight two-year-old winners of this year include Lively Man, Whetstone, Up In Time, Guernsey Isle, Five-Thirty, Sea Raft, Milkstone and Spring Dell out of ten starters.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificate

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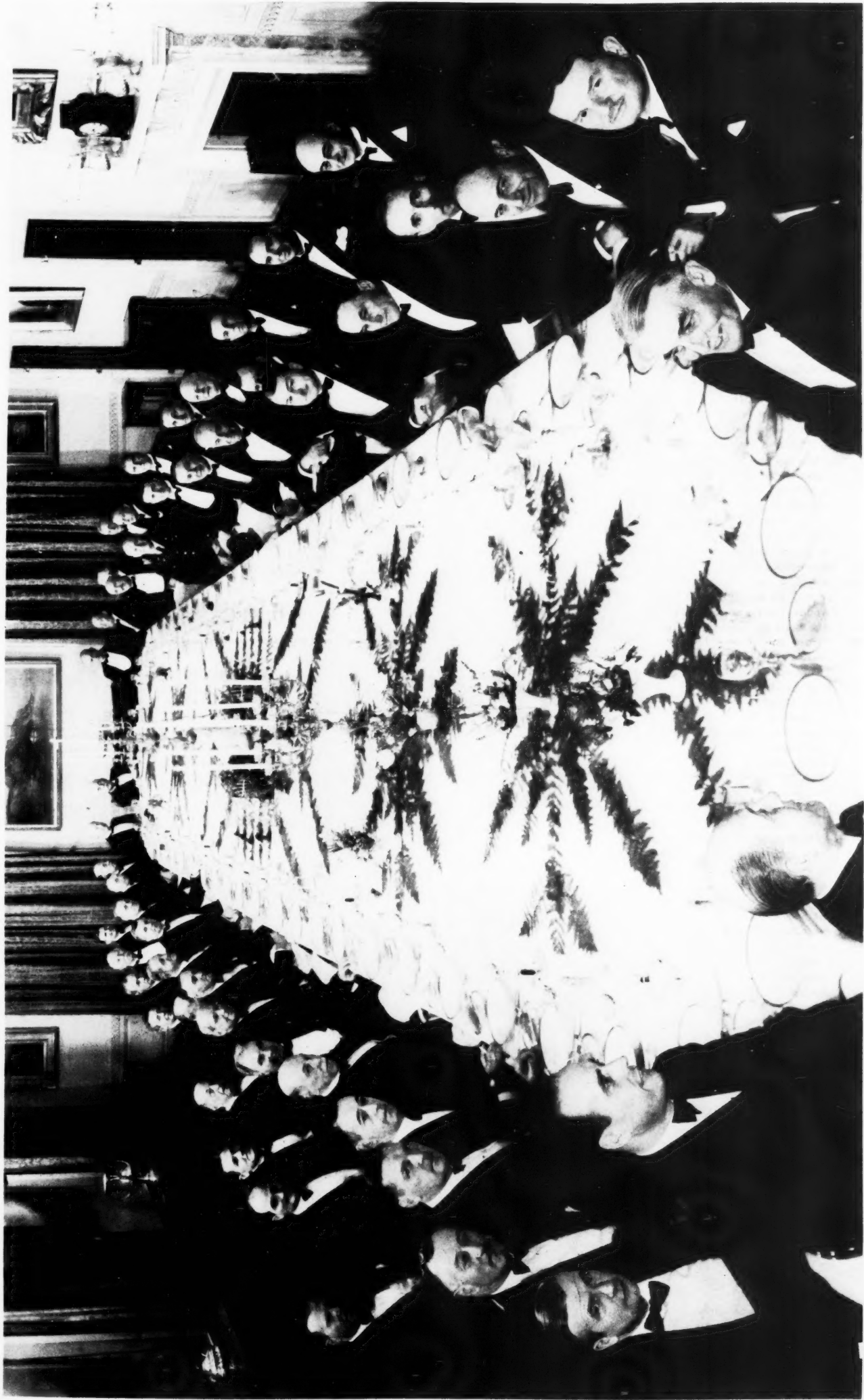
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MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA DINNER

(Photo by Carl Klein)



The annual dinner of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America was held January 26, at the Union Club, New York City.

NEW ENGLAND HORSEMEN'S BANQUET

(Photos by Carl Klein)



Bert E. Bowen, at left, receiving trophy from Roy West and David W. Roberts, chairman of events, at the New England Horsemen's championship banquet, January 27 at Hotel Kimball, Springfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Bowen was the owner of the champion hunter, LIGHT LAND, and the reserve, HAPPY CREEK, at the 1944 New England horse shows.

Prof. I. L. Winters, the owner of EASY WINNER JR., the champion jumper and WATCH ME, reserve to the champion jumper. Prof. Winters is shown just after he received his trophy and reserve ribbon at the banquet.

DASH IN BRAZIL



One of Lt. Comdr. Newbold Ely's hounds is leading a very exciting life in Brazil and is pictured above with Sasha Siemel. Dash has now learned the difference between fox hunting and tiger hunting. The story about one of his South American adventures is related elsewhere in this issue in a letter to Lt. Comdr. Ely from Siemel.



Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

Pheasant Shooting Has Been Almost Ruined In Many Parts This Season

The bards may sing, the poets may write

Of winter robed in glist 'ring white,
His lofty brow with snow-wreaths crown'd,

His limbs in icy armour bound.
But sportsmen deem he looks his best
In russet brown and em'rald dres't,
A coronet around his head
Of laurel leaves, and holly red;
Though keen the air, their ruling law,

To hate a frost, and hail a thaw!

"I've fair starved and nithered",
said a farmer to a south country
visitor, who looked blank, and then
asked what the speaker meant. His
translation was, "I've gotten a per-
ishment of cold".

We use the word "starved" in the
north to indicate sign of extreme
cold, and often astonish those who
are not acquainted with our idioms,
by saying that our children are
"starved". The farmer referred to
went on: "the water-trough in the
field where I have some beasts and
horses running out, was frozen when
I hugged a dess of hay down this
morning, so I took me foot to break
the ice, and slipped, and yan leg
went over the shoe-tops in the
water". "Why don't you bring your
cattle and horses indoors when it's
weather like this?" asked the visit-
or, who added, "It seems to me cruel
to leave them out all night in snow,
wind and frost". The farmer replied
"Blood hosses can't stand hard wea-
ther if they're outside, their coats
are too fine, but bullocks and work
horses, which haven't had a brush
on them for weeks, are all right.
They can bide it. Anyway, forced
work's no choice. We have neither
the men to wait on them, nor the
fodder to last all through the win-
ter. They'll have to scrat on the best
they can, and find shelter aback of
the hedges when it blows". Then the
stranger said, "I've been down by
the beck-side to see if there were
any snipe. I thought it looked a like-
ly spot, and was going to ask you if
I might take a gun down. Have you
seen any snipe feeding there?" "You
can take a gun to t'beak side so far
as I'm concerned", said the farmer,
"but I can't tell you whether there's
any snipe about, coz I shouldn't
know a snipe if I saw yan. I've hear-
ed tell that they've harder to hit
than a woodcock, but I never either
shot, or tasted either of 'em meself,
although I once shot a pike in the
beck, and I've once or twice got a
wild duck, but there isn't much on
'em. They're hardly worth the both-
er of plucking and cooking. A man
wants one to himself to make a mid-
dling meal. I don't care for these
fancy dishes meself, and I shall be
glad when we gets back to a big
lump o' beef, what is beef, and tas-
tes like beef—not this frozen old
bull-elephant we've been getting...
But I must away yam and get this
boot and sock off, they're frozen to
me foot".

Shooting

Speaking of shooting reminds me
that it is now "cock only" amongst
the pheasants, and not too many
cocks! It is hoped that a less disturb-
ed nesting season in the Spring may
help to repopulate once famous cov-
erts in areas from which the mili-

tary have not departed. Pheasants,
and other creatures of the wild,
which sought pastures now during
the occupation by troops of the wood-
lands and their boundaries, are now
filtering back to their old and much
scarred haunts. But this season's
shooting has been quite ruined in
many parts, and "cocks only" has a
much greater limitation than usual,
for it means only a few birds for the
table, and for a very select list of
friends.

Gone are the days of wholesale
game distribution after "big days",
and it will be years, if ever, before
the one-time generosity can be re-
sumed. The pheasant falls an easier
victim to poachers and predatory
beast and bird than the partridge;
indeed, in some localities, partridges
have multiplied and thriven during
the war years, ploughing-out grass-
land having contributed towards this
by providing more food.

Cross Country Riders

The re-opening of jumping has left
us with three outstanding impres-
sions—the popularity of the winter
sport, the fact that horses are very
much better schooled than one ex-
pected, and thirdly, that there is no
dearth of cross-country riders. In-
deed, although there are more jump-
ers in training than some of us
thought possible, there seem to be
more jockeys than mounts for them.
Lots of professional jockeys got
leave from their army units to ride,
some have been discharged and there
were quite a lot of keen amateurs
anxious to "go round". Some of them
could not get mounts but booked
future rides. All this suggests a very
healthy tone in National Hunt sport,
and a bright outlook for the future.
As to the horses, a few of them were
"green", and were possibly run with
a view to giving them the benefit of
experience in public—never very fair
on the jockeys who ride them, or the
race executive which has had all its
fences rebuilt! Some of the jockeys
no doubt wished that the conditions
which long ago obtained at Whitter-
ing Heath Races were still in force.
Article 4 at that ancient meeting re-
quired

"That if any of the horses, or their
riders chance to fall in any of the
four heats, the rest of the riders
shall stay in their places where
they were at the time of the fall, un-
til he so fallen have his foot in the
stirrup again."

In these days jockeys do not put
their foot in a stirrup, but vault into
the saddle, and, moreover, it is evi-
dent the pace is much faster than it
was when there were races at Whit-
tering Heath. Nowadays half a dozen
jockeys may "come it" in a 'chase
without those in front being aware
of the fact. In any case, they couldn't
pull up "in the place where they
were at the time of the fall".

Stories On "Horse Watches"

When John Scott ("The Wizard
of the North") was training his long
list of Derby, Oaks and St. Leger
winners at Whitewall, Malton, he
used to say that he liked to see
"touts slinking about" because it
was an indication that he had some
useful animals in his stables worth
watching. Nevertheless, on occasion
he was at considerable pains to
hoodwink the spies, and even went
so far as to send horses in the dark-
ness of the night by road to distant
Hambleton for important trials the
following morning. Nowadays train-
ers no longer paint horses' legs, or
adopt other means to deceive
"touts", for the era when heavy
wagerers and others employed
"watchers" to keep them posted with
the doings at important training
quarters, has long past.

The other day Mr. R. W. Arm-
strong, the doyen of English train-
ers, told me an amusing story of
how he got rid of a "tout" by mak-
ing him prisoner. It was when liv-
ing at Eamont Bridge, on the bord-
ers of Cumberland and Westmor-
land, that Mr. Armstrong had some
of his patrons staying with him all
night to witness some important
trials at daybreak the following
morning. The enterprising "tout"
had noted the arrival of the owners,
and guessed something was in the
wind, so was on the gallops near
Armstrong's house by cock-crow to
see in which direction the horses
went.

It had been arranged that the
trials should be on those very gal-
lops, but as the "tout" was identi-
fied through field-glasses it was de-
cided he must be got rid of before
the horses were brought out. The
trainer knew that, like most Cum-
brians, the interloper was keener on
cockfighting than racing, so one of
the stable-boys was sent over to him
with a message that there was to be
a cock-fight in the yard which he
might like to watch. The watcher
came at the double, and was very
anxious to see the birds which were
to compete. He was led to the sad-
dle-room, ostensibly for a private
view of the non evident gamecocks,
and as soon as he entered, the door
was locked. The "tout" remained a
prisoner until after the trials. Ever
afterwards the stableboys called
out "cock-a-doodle-doo!" on seeing
the "tout", and, the story spreading,
he became generally known by that
name. Although born in such a hot-
bed of "cocking", the now Middle-
ham trainer never had a "main" on
his place.

The famous John Porter used to

tell a similar story to Armstrong's.
When Sir Joseph Hawley was to see
his three Derby candidates **Blue
Gown, Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian**,
tried, quite an army of "touts" ar-
rived in the neighbourhood awaiting
the event, and this despite all the
secrecy which was thought to sur-
round the trial. As a matter of fact
the result of it would have uninten-
tionally resulted in misleading them
and the public had they been allow-
ed to witness the gallop. But they
were not. Porter discovered they
were sleeping in an old toll-house
which the horses had to pass on the

Continued on Page Nineteen

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VIRGINIA

Horsemen's News-



Hialeah Race Course Is Miami's Biggest Tourist Attraction

Hialeah Race Course is Miami's No. 1 tourist attraction, horse racing or no horse racing—and thousands of sightseers, most of them in service uniforms, continue to visit the Track Beautiful every week.

An average of 400 to 500 are at Hialeah daily to see the pink flamingos, royal-palm-lined clubhouse drive, infield lake, turf course, tree-filled paddock and other famed sights which has earned the track recognition as the "world's most beautiful race course."

On Sunday "it looks like a racing day" on the clubhouse veranda, in the words of Grounds Superintendent Joe Morrow, with crowds as large as 1,500.

By admission of no less an authority than President John C. Clark, Hialeah "was never prettier". Morrow's gardeners had everything polished and shined for the scheduled January 17 opening when the suspension of racing in this country was announced. Early January rains brought the technicolor picture into sharp focus. The bouganvillea around the turf course is aglow with purple splendor, the first time the entire vine has been in bloom in years.

The track is a main stop for the two sightseeing busses operated daily from the AAF Redistribution Station No. 2 at Miami Beach, and the overseas veterans are as busy as the regular tourists with their "ohs", "ahs" and cameras.

For servicemen and civilians alike, the clubhouse terrace is generally the first stop. "Power-view" machines enable visitors to get a close-up look at the rare flamingos and black swans in the lake.

The tables on the terrace are utilized for writing postcards to "the folks back home". Five different scenes of the track are supplied without charge. Hialeah also takes care of postage, and a check of the cards reveals mailing addresses all over the world.

Second spot at Hialeah—the on'y race track in the country which is maintained the year-around as a public park—in popularity with the visitors is the paddock, a regular botanical garden with hundreds of varieties of palms and other tropical trees. Even the stable area gets the once-over from many of the sight-seers, who are interested as to how the Thoroughbreds are trained and quartered.

The largest crowds are from one to six in the afternoon, although visitors are welcome anytime after eight in the morning. Those wishing to see the horses gallop must be early birds, for all of the training activity is concluded at eleven o'clock.

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Texas Notes

By Bud Burmester

Sam Orr, well known horseman, who has been in Arlington for some time, announced that he had purchased a small farm close to Grapevine, Texas, and that he would remain there until the racing ban is lifted. Orr has always been partial to Texas, and was glad of the chance to acquire a place so handy and so well suited for his immediate needs. Dawe Hurn, who came to Arlington with Orr, has a single horse that he is going to spell at Orr's new place.

O. L. Foster, well known Texas breeder, who has a nice place north of Fort Worth, intends to give his former stakes winner, **Through Bound**, a chance at stud this year. Foster has several mares of his own, which he will breed to the son of State Senator Jesse E. Martin's **Out-bound**.

Dr. Bird, Ennis veterinarian, announced that he will sell his two brood mares and one 2-year-old stud colt. "I am moving from this point, and will have to dispose of my horses quickly", he stated.

George B. McCamey returned to his home from a brief visit to Mexico City. McCamey **vanned down two** young gallopers and left them there for the racing. Neither has been named as yet. McCamey reported the influx of additional horses from the States had brought about a very difficult problem regarding stalls. However, he added that the 500 additional stalls now being rushed to completion by the Hippodrome de las Americas will solve the present problem. "Those fellows down there are doing things in a big way and entitled to success", said McCamey.

Attaches of the J. O. Hart Thoroughbred nursery at Hurst are currently claiming a lot of "firsts" for Mrs. H. Paul Bonner's 1945 filly, which arrived January 28. They claim it is the first Thoroughbred foal in the County if not the State, that it is the first foal of **Bosky Dell**, the daughter of **Flying Heels—Daphnis**, by **Fair Play**, one of the first mares Mrs. Bonner retired to the breeding farm, and that it is the first offspring of **Prince Argo**, the ill fated Bonner stallion that fell a victim of sleeping sickness last year after serving but five mares.

They are about right on all counts, since no other foal from this section has been announced to date, and they are absolutely right in the claims that the youngster is the first born of **Prince Argo** and **Bosky Dell**. The mare is to be mated with the Hart stallion, **Pondariel**, according to recent announcement, but there are two Bonner stallions now at the farm, **Brown China** and **War Bam**, and it is possible the schedule might be changed.

Promising English Filly

William Howard, chairman of The Jockey Club, reported on a recent visit to Hialeah Race Course, that he has a "very good filly in England" named **Hicilla**. The experts there say she is "the best looking of all the 3-year-olds," Woodward adds.

Belmont Futurity

Continued from Page One

The method of entering is to nominate the foals, due this year, with the payment of an entry fee of \$10. To continue eligibility, an additional \$65 is due on or before December 16, 1945 and a further \$125 by July 15, 1947. Starters pay an additional \$1,000. Last year, the Westchester Racing Association added \$25,000 to the purse. Nominators of the winner, second and third horses receive \$3,000, \$2,000 and \$1,000 respectively, whether or not they are the owners when the race takes place.

Entries for the 58th running of the Futurity in 1947 came from 23 different states, Kentucky leading with 41 different interests and New York second with 22. Other states represented are Tennessee, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, California, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Texas, Rhode Island, Michigan, Louisiana, South Carolina, Virginia, Arizona, West Virginia, Washington, Florida and Missouri, as well as the District of Columbia.

The Mereworth Stud of Walter J. Salmon leads the list of nominators with 63 while Arthur B. Hancock, another Kentucky establishment, has 54 mares named. Greentree, the Whitney stable, and Calumet of Warren Wright lead those who race their own home-breds, Greentree with 39 and Calumet with 37. Others among the nominators have been Walter Jeffords, whose **Pavot** won last season's renewal, Colonel E. R. Bradley, William Hells, Louis B. Mayer and C. S. Howard of California, Colonel C. V. Whitney, George D. Widener, Glen Riddle Farms, Marshall Field, Lt. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, Coldstream Stud and P. A. B. Widener.

War Dogs

Continued from Page One

for this purpose. Immediately, experimentation along these lines was started at the War Dog Training Centers at Fort Robinson, Nebraska and San Carlos, California.

In a very short time, it was found that dogs could discover, with uncanny accuracy, the location of buried objects. As training progressed, it was not at all unusual to find mines and other objects that had been buried several months.

Based on results obtained in training, a limited number of these dogs were trained and sent to theaters of operation. Here, under conditions more nearly approaching those of actual combat, these dogs were given

extensive field tests to determine the advisability of placing them on duty with our troops in action against the enemy. These tests showed that, while the dogs could find a good percentage of the buried mines, the percentage was not high enough to justify the use of men and dogs as a substitute for more efficient mechanical devices. While the tests were made in such a manner as to preclude the losing of any lives (men or dogs), they were conclusive enough to show that further experimentation is necessary to fully justify the use of dogs for the purpose of locating land mines.

Accordingly, it was decided that these dogs should not be used further and should be returned to the United States. Further, it was decided that no new mine dog units would be trained for the present. However, experimentation along these lines is being continued in the United States.

Training will be continued, however, of Scout Dogs and Messenger Dogs, whose limited performance, particularly against the Japanese already is credited with having saved the lives of hundreds of American soldiers and Marines.

The Quartermaster Corps, charged with the training of all dogs for the Army, now is concentrating its entire dog training program at the Quartermaster Depot (Remount), Fort Robinson, Nebraska.

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SERGEANT BOB Ch. h., 1938	Man o'War	Fair Play	Hastings
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		Pedigree	*Merry Token
	Thunderer	Broomstick	*Rock Sand
	Thunderita	Jersey Lightning	*Topiary
	Fernanda	*Alvescot	*Ogden
		Giovina	*British Blue Blood
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The Pennsylvania Horseman

By J. Robert McCullough

Back in October, this department of The Chronicle spent its entire space describing the first win of Miss Ella Widener's **Iron Shot** at Radnor in the fall of 1942. It was too our first recollection of one Norm Brown who did the riding honors that day on **Iron Shot** and has been top-side on the horse for every one of his races since. At that time Norman was first string chasing rider for Morris Dixon and in the last several years has ridden such good winners as **Winged Hoofs**, the ill fated property of C. Mahlon Kline, George Brooke III's **Mateson**, and Brooks Parker's **Peat Moss**.

But Norman is no flash in the pan new-comer. He was born and raised with race horses and cut his eye teeth riding flat horses at the bull tracks where his father was a trainer. Men who knew Norman as a boy said, "That kid would ride and could win with anything that had hair on it". But time and maturity played havoc with Norman's weight as it does with so many jocks, but unlike so many jocks, he didn't stop riding. He switched instead to the lepers and in that field has achieved his greatest success.

Among his proudest possessions are two ribbons that he won in the show ring. Last year at the Newtown Square Horse Show, Norm, with a day off from the races, was watching the classes and was particularly interested in a 5'-0" class that was all tied up between Dr. Rhoad's Duke that was being ridden by Patty Brady, Mrs. Pancoast's **Bridget**, Paul Badorff's big bay mare and a couple of others. It was, if we remember correctly, a five way tie. There had been a couple of jump-offs and everything was still tied up. Richey Atkinson had been riding Paul Badorff's big mare and one of his father's horses and Norman kidded him about being unable to break the tie. In the spirit of fun that prevailed at that show Richey offered to let Norman do the job and in the same spirit of fun, Norman did it. The committee and other contestants agreed to the switch in riders and Norman bounced into the ring. No one seriously thought he could do the job for he had never ridden in the show ring before but when the dust cleared Norman had garnered two of the four ribbons and today they are prominently displayed in his trailer home.

At the end of last year's 'chasing season, Norm announced that he was going to begin training for himself. He leased the farm of Mrs. Fredrick Van Lennep, she of the McNeill sisters of show ring fame, and set up his winter quarters. As was his custom at the tracks, he set up his comfy little trailer home close to the stables, distaining the big house which still stands closed. From this vantage point, he literally lives among his horses and knows them. He has a stable boy (he is no boy) who has a warm comfortable room in the main barn and upon such a person, Norman believes, depends the success of any training stable. Every cough, every restless night, every uneaten meal is discovered immediately and every idiosyncrasy of every animal is noted as a key to his training.

In the barns are a number of well known old campaigners headed by the able veteran, T. T. Mott's ***St. Patrick's Day** and Nick Dorsaneo's **Cortezano**. There are four or five yearlings, colts and fillies that are

to be trained and tried as chasing prospects, two of them by Alf Vanderbilt's former speedy horse **Corsican Blade** who is standing at Stud for Mr. William McCahan at Sugartown. Also are a couple of 2-year-olds that will be given a chance on the flat if racing returns this year.

Along with all of his other activity, Norman, is standing a stud at the place. A handsome big brown horse by the name of **Crackle**, he is by **Gallant Sir** out of **Dance Away**, by **Whiskaway**. Standing 16.2, he is a conformation horse with an excellent disposition and should sire good hunters as well as race horses.

Of course, no trip to see Norman would be complete without stopping to see his lovely wife. An interesting and charming girl, her life is his and she spends her time maintaining a spic and span home in their 22-foot trailer and in maintaining both an active and a mental file of information for Norman's use. She can repeat without hesitation actual volumes of information about the 'chasing world, naming places, horses, riders, owners, time et al. Norman will readily agree that she is invaluable to him and we can see why.

Here's wishing Norman all sorts of success and we feel sure that the wish is unnecessary.

TURNER WILTSHIRE MIDDLEBURG, VIRGINIA

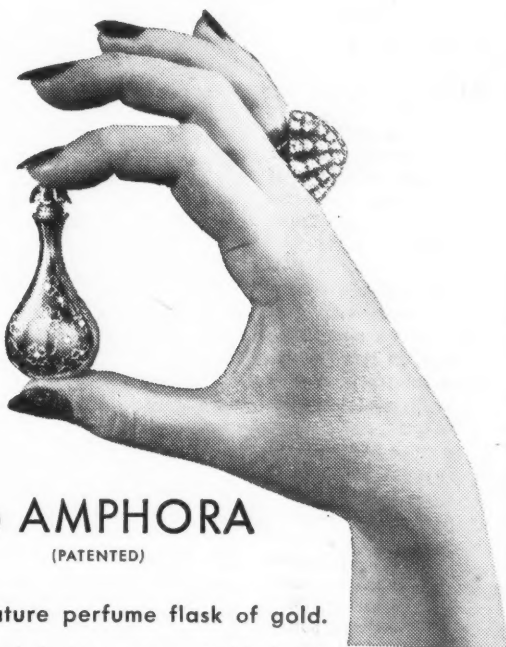
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Conversation Piece==Reynolds and Reynoldstown

By James Reynolds

PART II

After I had recounted a few of the more representative similes, and pungent retorts from the lips of Bingo Lacey, the talk turned to a discussion of outstanding stallions, fulfilling engagements in Ireland, today.

Perhaps the favorite sire, both to breeders, and because he appeals to the imagination of "the man in the street", is **Warden of the Marches**. This horse has had a long and fortunate record. Many of the better I have encountered leaving the betting-booth at some race course, wreathed in smiles as wide as the Gap of Kilcolgan. Fingers busily counting his win, the man would look up, wink rakishly and say, "I used to bet me last shilling on the old Warden, now I bet on his sons and daughters, the whole flock of them; whenever they run. Sure they support me in comfort, and add length to me coil." (In Ireland, ones "coil" is the life span). The Warden stands at Fort Union Stud near Adare in County Limerick, he is owned by the Earl of Dunraven, and referred to by all local people as **Dunraven's Pride**. **Border Chief**, **Huntingtower** and **Classic** are three of his powerful sons.

Another great favorite is **Etoile de Lyons**. A big, wide-chested chestnut horse by **Coupe de Lyon**, out of **Rose of Jericho**, by **Spion Kop**, out of **Herods Joy**. **Etoile de Lyons** stands at Mr. Hartingan's Heath Stud, Maryborough, County Kildare. At Mr. Ellis' Orchardstown Stud, County Tipperary, stands the glorious **Valerian**, by **Son-in-Law**, out of **Haintonette** (by **Hainault** out of **Cherry Hinton**). In Ireland the three V's; to wit, **Valerian**, **Valerius** and **Vergilius**, whose dam **Haintonette** won The Irish Oaks, The Queen Alexandra Stakes, and the Haverhill Stakes, (to name a few) are known to turf gentry, as **The Flyers**.

One of my favorite stallions is **Mr. Jinks**. A strong-boned gray, by **Tetratema**, out of **False Piety**. He stands at Ballylynch Stud, Thomastown, County Kilkenny. It was here that Major Dermott McCalmont bred **The Tetrarch**, the name that is emblazoned across Irish skies in Northern Lights.

The names continue. **Sol Oriens**, by **Hyperion**—**Silver Mist**; **Morland**, by **Gainsborough**—**Lichen** (by **Manna**); **Quarteroon**, another big grey by **Tetratema**—**Color Bar**; **Devonian**, at Mount Coote Stud, Kilmallock. This horse by **Hyperion**—**Glorious Devon**, was a rapacious winner. At stud he has proved himself a topper as a foal-getter. I am informed that his first crop are a singularly good-looking and promising lot of youngsters.

No higher compliment could be paid to a young sire who has not had a great number of runners, than that the big money buyers compete for his yearlings. At both Ballsbridge Sales (Dublin) and at Newmarket this year, the pack was racing; "all out", after everything by **Khan Bahadur** that came into the ring. At Ballsbridge this year 3,100 guineas was paid for a **Khan Bahadur** colt, and 2,800 guineas for a filly, which gives a rough idea of how top-flight buyers regard this sire's get. The **Blenheim** popularity still signifies. More than a hundred years ago

the Lord Sligo of the period (and greatest of all pioneers of Irish Thoroughbred breeding) had a favorite saying, which he trotted out whenever blood lines were discussed in his presence. "You cannot have too much Waxy". What was true of the immortal sire of **Whalebone** and **Whisker**, is true of **Blandford** today.

The splendid young **Birikan** bears out this saying, surely. Although actually, **Birikan** was bred in England, he stems, deeply from the springy, turf of Ireland. He is by the Curragh-bred and triple-crown winner **Bahram**, **Blandford's** most distinguished son. **Bahram's** dam **Carola**, by **Kilkenny-bred Tetratema**, out of **Arme Blanche**, by **Roscommon-bred The White Knight**. In appearance **Birikan** is immensely prepossessing. He shows great quality and personality. He greatly resembles his sire **Bahram**. There is a point in the breeding of this horse which is worth recording for those "blood line enthusiasts" who go far, far back into breeding lore. **Tetratema's** dam, **Scotch Gift**, was by **Symington**, by **Ayrshire**. Old breeders set enormous store by **Ayrshire** blood. At **Mentmore Stud** it was used for years, with resounding success. **Lord Rosebery**, a very canny buyer, brought it back recently, with notable results, through **Symington's** son **Junior**, in his Derby winner, **Ocean Swell** (**Blue Peter**—**Jiffy**). The sire of **Ocean Swell** is another Derby winner.

At Mr. Marshall Fields' Stud, "Tally Ho", in County West Meath, **Sirius** is the bright, particular star. Last year he won the Melbourne Cup, Australia's great classic. **Sirius** is by **Winalot**, by **Enfield**.

In a letter I just received from Ireland there appears the good news that **Lord Stallbridge**, the owner of **Bogskar** is bringing this grand 'chaser out of retirement, where he has rested for three years. **Bogskar** won the last Grand National run at Aintree in 1940. **Bogskar** is now eleven years old and his troublesome knee is quite recovered. He will run in a series of National Hunt races this winter. The first to be run at Punchestown. Two other rank'ng 'chasers are slated to run as well, **Red Rower** and **Red April**.

While the **Hyperions**, **Fairways**, **Nearcos**, **Valerians** and **Dastures** are all in demand, and likely to remain so for many years to come, no stallion has greater, nor less publicized success, take it all around, than the powerfully built young stallion **Panorama**, (unbeaten at three years old) now standing at **Lord Adare's Fort Union Stud** (Dunraven) at Adare, County Limerick. His daughter, **Lady's View**, a successive winner is the high-light of this stallion's get. **Panorama** is by **Sir Cosmo** out of **Happy Climax**.

There used to live, in a tumble-down old castelated house of no particular vintage, a grand old Irish turfman, a sportsman in the great tradition. I knew **Colonel Thomas Kirkwood** well, for he was a crony of my Grandfather, and often I was taken to **Colonel Kirkwood's** house in the "to-hell-and-gone", backlanes of County Roscommon, for long visits. Sort of horse-coping powwows de lux, they usually turned out to be. I always had a wonderful time I remember, for there was an ancient headroom named **Cally**

Duneen. He whittled "Little horse animals" as he called them, from bits of wood. I named them for outstanding winners of the Aintree Grand National. At one time I had a formidable collection. I wish I had them now, but the gods alone know where they are, what with the years, and they crowding.

Colonel Kirkwood was far from a rich man, viewed from any angle, but he lived a happy-go-lucky life, as it is so easy to do in Ireland, on very little money, and he managed to have a good horse or two, "coming up", or in training. Year after year he ambled along his pleasant way, buying carefully, training wisely. Then, the year was 1881, **Athena**, the **Wise Goddess**, and **Hermes**, **God of Sports**, put their heads together one fine morning, picked out **Colonel Kirkwood**, and said, in unison, "That one". He did what no Irishman had done before him, and none has done since—he won the Grand National at Aintree with **Woodbrook** and the Ascot Gold Cup in 1907 with **The White Knight**.

Woodbrook goes back a good few years, while **The White Knight** is more recent. By **Lord Dunraven's** brilliant **Desmond**, by **St. Simon** out of **L'Abesse de Jouarre**, (winner of the Oaks), with which the Prime Minister's father, **Lord Randolph Churchill** made his spectacular but brief appearance on the British Turf.

As the years passed **The White Knight** piled up many memorable wins. He won the Ascot Gold Vase. Then the famous heart-breaker race, The Curragh Grand Prize, by four lengths. This was his last race on Irish soil. One of the last, and most outstanding of his sons was **Knight of Kilcash**. And now a young sire named **Birikan** is charged to keep green the memory of **The White Knight**. **Birikan**, by **Bahram**—whose grand-dam **Arme Blanche** was by **The White Knight**.

Among the hundreds of notes and race course jottings, found on everything from a rain-spotted race-card from **Baldoye**, (St. Patrick's Day Fixture)—**The Arvanagh Shamrock**

Continued on Page Fifteen

Woodland Farm

Red Bank, New Jersey

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JACK HIGH—ALICE FOSTER,
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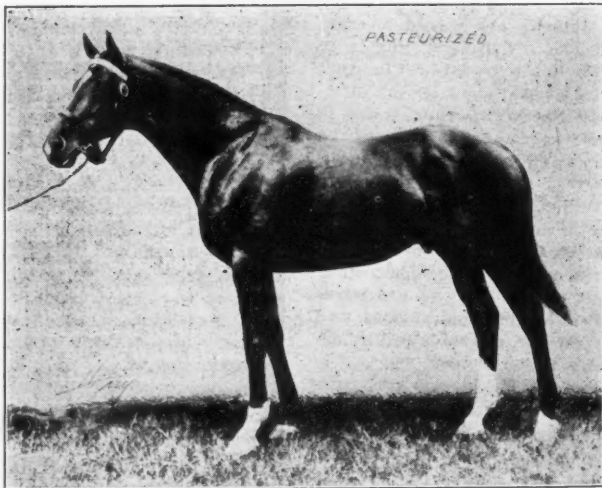
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SEASON 1945 PASTEURIZED



Milkman	Cudgel	Broomstick
Chestnut, 1935	Milkmaid	Eugenia Burch
Peake	*Sir Gallahad III	*Peep o' Day
	Polka Dot	Nell Olin
		*Teddy
		*Plucky Liege
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Winner Belmont Stakes, East View Stakes, etc.

PASTEURIZED was a high-class, fast, game racehorse, winning from 4 1/2 furlongs to 1 1/2 miles. He is beautifully bred, his ancestors both sires and dams are the best that can be found in the stud books of America, England and France. He is one of the best looking horses that ever walked the earth.

Two (2) colts and four (4) two-year-old fillies, all raised by us, were trained and started this year. Three (3) won—two (2) were in the money several times, the other one started twice and died. She had worked a quarter in .22 and a half in .46 out of the gate.

BELFAST won two races by five lengths and was third in Jeanne d'Arc Stakes getting in a tangle at the gate and last away. An injury prevented her from fulfilling her early promise. She looks to be a filly of the highest class.

At the Long Island Sales 1944 the last yearling sold was by PASTEURIZED, brought \$3,200.00. He has been highly tried and his owner is tremendously pleased with him.

PASTEURIZED'S foals have good conformation, dispositions and speed. They all have perfect manners at the post.

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CONVERSATION PIECE

(By James Reynolds)



LAKE PLACID and foal, by PSYCHIC BID. Upperville, Virginia. This picture was painted at the time I was working on a large portrait of PSYCHIC BID, was called by its purchaser, Mrs. Richard Hanna, "The Madonna of the Uplands". It has, surely, a great quality of motherly protection. This was one of the pictures of my "Virginia in the Spring", exhibition which appeared in the United States and Canada in 1942.



The D'ARCY GALLANT and NEVERMORE. Markham, Virginia. In this picture the Irish-bred D'ARCY GALLANT, who is a faun-skin with jet black points, silhouettes against his half-brother NEVERMORE who is raven black, like his sire RAVEN ROCK. The cooler blowing in the Spring breeze is rust-red bound with laurel green, the racing colours of the owner of the horses. A line of the Blue Ridge is seen between the tangled branches of the giant sycamores along the river.



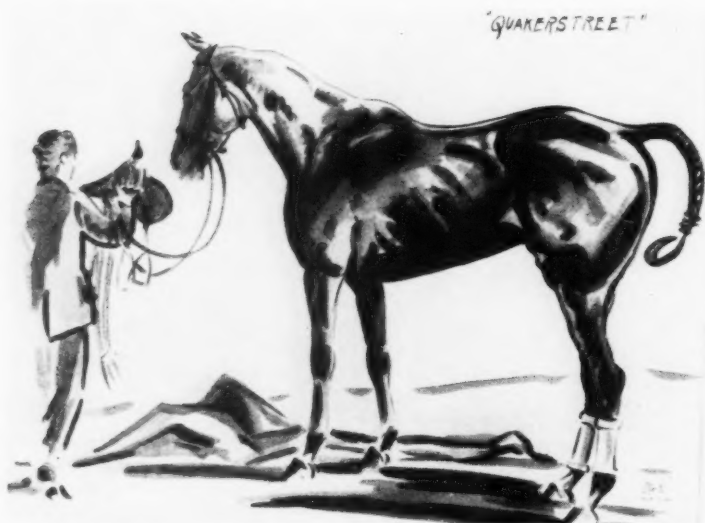
The Dean Bedford Pony Coach at Fallstone, Maryland. This picture was painted for Mrs. Bedford to give her husband for a Christmas present. It is in the Autumn, and the scene is a particular spot along a favorite drive, often taken by the Bedfords.

CONVERSATION PIECE

(By James Reynolds)



RAVEN ROCK, The Look of Eagles. A great romance hangs about the magnificent head of **RAVEN ROCK**. When he was a 2-yr.-old, out at grass, gaining bone and stature, at Rathbreagan Hill Stud, in County Tipperary, he was stolen, one dark night by gypsies. Great was the hue and cry abroad in the counties. The gypsies were artful, as always, and hid him for three years. One night, maddened with fright during a terrific electrical storm, **RAVEN ROCK** broke away and in the morning was found calmly drinking at a farmer's water trough, at least fifteen miles from where the gypsies were encamped. There were arrests and then confessions. Returned to his owners, **RAVEN ROCK**, seemed to have thrived while living with his captors. He has had a brilliant career in Ireland. The original painting is owned by Mrs. Robert Carrere of New York.



QUAKERSTREET approves the saddle. When I flew out to the 1941 opening of Santa Anita, I went down to Agua Caliente to see **FARRAGUT** and **QUAKERSTREET** run. I became very fond of **QUAKERSTREET**, a horse with enormous personality. A stable boy who held **QUAKERSTREET**'S bridle rein while I painted, told me that at sometime, someone had played the horse a dirty trick, because a saddle could never be put on without first showing it to **QUAKERSTREET**. Therefore the saddle is always shown before cinching. That seems to make it all right.



COTTESMORE**. Both arrogant and wise, is the handsome ***COTTESMORE**. A Steward at Belmont said to me the day I painted this picture, "COTTESMORE** is the kind of a horse one dreams about. He has everything." I agree. This picture belongs to Mrs. Michael Strutt.



GOLDUN, just after he won the Warrenton Gold Cup, 1941. The quick sketch is from my Race Course Sketch Book, the kind I used for a sort of personal "short hand". Split second timing is vastly important when painting horses in action. I have scores of these books with sketches of horses from race courses all over the world. I felt as I looked at the winner of the Gold Cup that sparkling day in 1941 that I had never seen a horse more proud of his accomplishment, more fresh and fit. The original is owned by Mrs. Cotton Smith of Warrenton.

Reynoldstown
Continued from Page Twelve

Steeplechase) to a blank cheque, I find such varied and entertaining facts as the following few.

"Learned from Morlyn Kintock this day, March 10th, 1934."

"It will be one hundred years ago today that an Irish horse first won a classic race in England. Over a Park Course, Doncaster, to be exact, the Irish-bred and trained Faugh a Ballagh won the St. Leger in 1834. Own brother to world-renowned Birdcatcher, by Sir Hercules out of Guiccioli, Faugh a Ballagh caused a nine-day sensation among British Turf frequenters.

"In the first place it upset them, mightily, to have an Irish horse win their hallowed English classic. In the second place someone started a rumour, ugly and false, as it turned out, that the entering of the horse by Mr. Irwin, his owner, a Dublin attorney, was a swindle. Faugh a Ballagh was, these mongers contended, three years over age, the Course Vets said he was not. Only the intervention of Irish Lord Longford, (a Steward), saved the St. Leger winner the indignity of an 'ordeale by molar'. Ten years later the greatest Turf scandal of the century occurred at Epsom Downs. Running Rein finished first in the Derby, but was disqualified after Colonel Peel brought suit for the stake money, and won. Orlando, Colonel Peel's horse had finished second to Running Rein who, Peel insisted was five years old. Opinions were divided, the case dragged on for years, and was a messy affair. A few years later some sorehead disinterred the scandal again, because of the Leander angle. Leander, owned by the Prussian brothers Lichtwald was fourth in the Running Rein Derby, but fouled and broke his leg. When the knacker's men arrived, late in the evening, to remove Leander's carcass, they found the head had been hacked off, and was nowhere to be found. Later it was found buried in a golf-course bunker, and when the veterinary surgeons carefully examined the jaw bones, they proved that beyond doubt, the horse was five if not six years old. The Herren Lichtwald were forthwith, ruled off the Turf for life."

I was told the following story by a famous old Irish racing man, who had known all the celebrities of the stage and sporting world in his youth. A raconteur of the first water, his reminiscences flow on like a torrent in full spate, and as full of dash and vitality.

"Lady de Bath, (Lily Langtry) who raced for a period of fifteen years under the 'nom de turf' of 'Mr. Jersey', was one of the most fascinating talkers it was possible to listen to. She had read everything worth reading. She quoted from the Classics and Shakespeare at random, knew history and dates backwards, and displayed a satirical turn of mind and a mordant wit. Most of all, however, she liked to talk about her horses, and her considerable racing triumphs. She had wonderful tales about her successful bets over Merman, her Australian wonder-horse, and an Irish 'chaser called Linguist which she bought from George Edwards. The tale of how she happened to buy this horse used to convulse 'The Jersey Lily', as well as all who heard her tell it.

"It seems that an enormously rich, but exceedingly plain looking admirer of hers, offered her 25,000 pounds as a slight token to show

how much he admired her in 'The Sins of Society'. Then, to her chagrin, but later amusement, he instituted an action to get it back, because Lily Langtry disappointed him in what he had expected to get for his 25,000 pounds. A shrewd business woman, Lily Langtry engaged the cleverest lawyer in London and retained the entire sum without the case ever appearing in court. With this money she bought Linguist and Star Temple, who later tripled this sum in winnings."

The following story I was told by a Mrs. Tallent, wife of a well known fox-hunting man in the Country Galway.

"'Carrougbarr' the Tallent house is a big, rambling, whitewashed building, situated in a wide clearing in a beech and ashlar wood, near Ballyaran Cross. One morning, at the nether end of a damp, windy May, a young dog fox picked his lonely way through the entrance hall of 'Carrougbarr'. Without showing the slightest fear, nor any apparent interest in anyone, the fox cub, for he was little more than that, leaped upon a mohair covered hassock in front a blazing fire, curled himself into a tight ball and promptly went to sleep.

"He was a handsome little fellow and in the succeeding days when he regularly visited the Tallent household, he made innumerable friends. It soon appeared that his favorite food was millet-mush and cream, with a dab of treacle. 'Bony' the black tom-cat got on famously with 'Roger de Coverly' as the fox was named because of his sleek red coat. 'The wine red damask of his attire, outshone the assembled throng.' So people said of Sir Roger, and so they said of his foxy namesake.

"Eventually, late summer drew near and Mrs. Tallent, fearing that the nearly full-grown 'Roger' would soon make his last visit to her house, knitted a bright green collar for him. One day he sat up, alert, on his hassock, big, black-tipped ears pricked. Leaping down he trotted out of the front door of 'Carrougbarr' and was never seen again. Never seen by Mrs. Tallent nor any of the household, save Squire Tallent, that is.

"One day in November Mrs. Tallent heard an account of a hunt that had had all the elements of a three ring circus. Hounds and hunters had not only been infuriated, but run bone-ragged by the antics of a demented fox.

"Three or four times during the Winter hunting, she heard stories of queer doings in coverts and fields along the river bottoms. Horses stopped dead in their tracks as a flash of red lightning whooshed between their legs. Hounds doubled back on themselves and got tied in

double bow-knots by a fox that was in three places at once.

"One day Mrs. Tallent asked her husband, point-blank, if he didn't think the fox in question was their erstwhile visitor 'Roger de Coverly'? The Squire replied, 'Faith, and I do my dear, because he sports a little whisp of a green collar that you put on his neck yourself.' Mrs. Tallent laughed. 'He's the wily one, little Roger. Ye'll never catch him.' As far as anyone knows, she was right."

This 'note' written on an Irish linen handkerchief in indelible ink must have been made in a place where not a scrap of paper was available.

"The haunted Kisher" it reads.

"There was a time in Ireland, a hundred and fifty years ago when the blood of Herod was thought more of than that of Eclipse.

"One of his highly regarded descendants was Tom Tug—and his grandsons Commadore and Irish Escape. Though Birdcatcher was in the male line of Eclipse through Sir Hercules and Whalebone, his dam Guiccioli was saturated with Herod blood. Her sire Bob Booty was by Chantleir, a grandson of Herod, and her dam Ierne was by Bagot.

"In another Herod descendant in the sixties, the Derby winner Wild
Continued on Page Sixteen

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ELLERSLIE STALLIONS

Season of 1945

Charlottesville, Virginia

FLARES.....
Bay, 1933

Gallant Fox.....	*Sir Galahad III
Flambino.....	Marguerite
	*Wrack
	*Flambette

FLARES was a winner of the Newmarket Stakes, Ormonde Plate, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales' Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and Ascot Gold Cup, also placing in other of England's best stakes races. His first crop produced 12 winners and his second crop, 9 winners. Two-year-old winners from his third crop are now racing. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$42,650 in first monies only. He is the sire of Skytracer, winner 1944 Blue Grass Stakes, beating Broadcloth; and others: Chop Chop, winner Endurance Handicap, \$25,000 added Empire City Handicap, placed in Ardley Handicap, Classic Stakes and Tantee, winner Pimlico Nursery Stakes. Other winners have placed in stakes.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

TINTAGEL.....
Bay, 1933

*Sir Galahad III.....	*Teddy
Heloise.....	Plucky Liege
	Friar Rock
	*Affection

TINTAGEL was the leading 2-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity. His first crop produced 13 starters, of which 11 were winners, including CASTLERIDGE, Tinted Chick, Tell Me More, White Sea, and Eric Knight. Of 16 foals in his second crop, 2-year-olds of 1942, he has 14 winners, including which have won in three seasons, and the good winners Amble Tint, Short Life, Gold Tint, Tindell, Tintitler, Darby Doc, etc. His third crop, now 3-year-olds, has produced 7 winners out of 12 starters and 3 have placed. More than 50 per cent of TINTAGEL'S winners in his first three crops won as 2-year-olds. To date he has six 2-year-old winners, including Talmadge and Freddie's Pal, (four races each), Slight Edge, etc. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$30,940 in first monies only.

FEE—\$250 RETURN

*Princequillo...
Bay, 1940

Prince Rose.....	Rose Prince.....	*Prince Palatine
	Indolence.....	Eglantine
	Papyrus.....	Gay Crusader
	Quick Thought.....	Barrier
		Tracery
		Miss Matty
		White Eagle
		Mindful

(Property of Prince Dimitri Djordjadze)
\$250 RETURN (BOOK FULL)

Return is for one year if mare does not prove in foal. Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945.

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For complete details, photographs, etc, phone or write

Arthur Gartrell
Middleburg, Virginia

Reynoldstown

Continued from Page Fifteen

Dayrell, we approach the haunted Kisher. Wild Dayrell begot a stayer son, Buccaneer who was sent to Hungary to the Von Bodenhausen-Degenfeld Stud (Austro-Hungarian) near Debrescen. While at this stud Buccaneer sired Kisher who had a remarkable career, both alive and dead. He was sent to race in England. He carried the Von Bodenhausen-Degenfeld colors of Crimson, Emerald and White to many victories, The Derby in 1876, and the 2,000 Guineas.

"At the age of eighteen years, Kisher died of a 'great chill' as pneumonia was called at that time. One night a year or so after his death, a stableman sleeping in the barracks of the Von Bodenhausen-Degenfeld stables, was awakened about midnight by the thunder of hooves which seemed to be racing round and round a two-mile ring used for breezing. The man, thinking one of his charges had broken out, threw on a few clothes and rushed out into the night. There, as he told the story the next morning, was Kisher (a jockey in the Crimson, Emerald and White, up) racing at Derby-winner speed round and round the ring. The man had seen a large portrait of the great Kisher which hung in the Tack room of the stables and recognized, instantly, the perfect likeness between the ghostly horse, and the horse in the portrait. In a few moments the horse and rider disappeared into the mists of the surrounding Puzsta.

"For a number of nights watchers from the castle, fortified themselves with a light Tokay, and looked eagerly into the darkness of night, hoping to see the ghost of Kisher. But he did not appear again until the night before the wedding of the eldest Von Degenfeld son in 1900. After that he was seen many times, and is still reported as having been seen (or was the last time I stayed at the castle in 1938). Always it is the same procedure. Kisher is intent on re-winning the Derby. Foam flecking from his mouth, nostrils dilated, tail flying straight out on the night wind, the great horse still proves to whoever is there to see, that the thought uppermost in his mind, is carrying the Crimson, Emerald and White silks of his House, first, past the winning post, in what might be called 'The Valhalla Stakes'."

June 10th, 1937. Dublin.

There is at least one man in Dublin who will never believe you if you try to tell him that the age of miracles is past. He damn well knows it isn't. His name is John Crowley, and the way of it is this.

"John Crowley went out to the Naas Course one Saturday afternoon, because a horse he rather fancied, called Portmaster was running in the fourth race, the Clontully 'Chase. As Crowley watched the sleekly groomed horses led round and round in the paddock before the race, he wished for the twenty thousandth time (ever since he could remember in fact) that his luck would change for the better one day. He wanted desperately to own a race horse. He thought to himself, 'If only I could win a classic race with my own horse, I'd die happy, surely'. Well, he punted a bit, and as he was leaving the 'Convenience Bar' after the finish of the last race, he counted his afternoon's winnings. 3 pounds, 8 shillings; not too bad. He carefully put this money along with his weekly pay. A compact 38 pounds, 9

shillings. Crowley waved to a passing friend and thought he slipped his wallet into his hip-pocket. But he didn't. Not until he was back in Dublin that evening did John Crowley discover his loss. A number of his friends commented on his sour appearance. He answer, shortly, 'You'd be sour too. Somewhere among all that litter of torn up dockets and discarded race-cards is my 38 pounds, if someone hasn't found it by this time'. The following Monday a friend called at Crowley's office. 'I hear you lost 38 pounds at Naas on Saturday', he said. Irritated, Crowley replied, 'Oh, for God's sake let me forget it, will you?' His caller held out his hand, 'Here it is John', he said. 'I stooped to retrieve a packet of matches and there it was among all that mud-trodden muck'. With this manna from heaven, as it were, John Crowley started a nest egg, which mounted faster than he had hoped, what with one good business deal after another. Two years after his friend had returned his lost wallet, John Crowley bought a likely looking young 'chaser at the Tramore Yearling Sales. He paid 1,500 guineas for him. He named the colt Lucky Find. Crowley is now a well established, and highly regarded racing owner on the Irish Turf. All his horses are named so that the word Lucky appears. I have bet on Lucky Shilling and won. I have bet on Lucky Parcel and lost. Lucky Laughter and Lancer's Luck have done well. Lucky Rhymster shows great promise, I am told. No. John Crowley will tell you, the age of miracles is not past."

Not long ago I was lunching in Philadelphia with three members of the National Hunts Association. The talk turned to the size of fields in a steeplechase, and what was the largest field any one of us at table had even seen or ridden in. Thirty-two, one man had seen. Thirty horses left the post at some French Course, according to another. I once rode in a Hunter-trial Point-to-Point in Ireland. At Newtown-Swords. The field was thirty-nine horses. I'll never forget that perishing race. It was the like of The Charge of the Light Brigade, or a stampede of a herd of Bison on the Lone Prairie. My horse ran out at about the middle of the race. Riderless horse ran amuck, refusers were bumped into eternity, and heaps of human and equine debris strewn the five-mile course. For months afterwards people, discussing Winter 'Chasing would ask, "Did you ride in that Shambles?" Everyone knew, without further comment, what race the speaker was referring to.

The Grand National which was won by Irish bred Drogheda—1898, started a field of forty-odd horses, and was run in a blinding snow storm to boot. My grandfather told me of a 'Farmer's Point-to-Point' run near Ballycobeely in County Galway in the '70's where the assembled field was huge, numbering well over fifty entrants of every conceivable kind of nag that could move under its own power. The yelling and cursing was so loud it scared the living lights out of the horses. The race became so disorganized that horses, with and without riders, finished up at remote points all over the County Galway. For years after this fantastic race, if a man met a lone horseman in the County Galway or a bordering County, he would raise a startled eyebrow and exclaim, "Glory be to God, You ARE an extremist, haven't ye finished that ex-

traordinary Farmer's Race yet?"

I find another "Bingoism".

One day Bingo Lacey and I were walking down the High Street of Adare in the County Limerick. We had just driven over from the Fort Union Stud where I was engaged in painting a large portrait of the stallion Mr. Jinks. Lunch over, at the pleasant Dunraven Arms, we were preparing to leave for the Mallow races. I heard a sound of sobbing issuing from the doorway of a small cottage facing the street. I turned and saw a woman standing in the doorway, crying as if her heart would break. She seemed totally oblivious of passersby. "Now there", I said to Bingo, "Is a woman I've never seen in Adare before, I wonder what upsets her so greatly?"

Bingo seemed unimpressed. "That, now, is the likes of Mary Lannery, she's a great hue and cry on 'er, surely. For three mortal years she's been at it, without let nor hinder. She'd the misfortune to marry a Wexford man, a cold, silent lot, tis said. From her weddin' day, out, her man has dodged the prime issue of matrimony, the like a cat 'ud dodge a raindrop."

Another from Bingo.

There was a horse in the Hill-Dillon stables who was the outlaw of the world. Everything had been tried. He just simply was no use to man, beast nor himself. "And it's a monument of pity, sir", Bingo would say when we visited the stables as we often did. "Sure he's an elegant look to 'um, and the speed that's in 'Im, ud shame the Winds of Moher, if rightly used." One day after we had left the stables, Bingo was silent with great thoughts in his agile mind. I knew his moods well enough to sense that something very pat in the way of observation was imminent. He heaved a long shuddering sigh, and said, "Do ye know sir, there's great good in that horse, Delaval, as well as great bad. It's odd now that when that happens in horse or man, it's only be a fraction that the good every triumphs. More times than not the BAD has a field-day. Oh, well, it's a disheveled world, and I'm in it."

To bring this dissertation up to date, I should say a little of what I'm doing, these unsure days of War. I find little time to paint Murals or portraits of horses. Now and again, as in the case of the room at Stuyvesant School in Warrenton, which shows, "Virginia—Four Seasons", with the Warrenton Gold Cup featured in the Spring panel, and the Warrenton Hunt in full cry, skirting a corn-field, in the Autumn panel. This Mural was presented to the School by Melville Church III, of "Northcliff", Rixeyville, Virginia, known to his countless admirers as "Chucky".

Teaching painting to War wounded boys in thirty-six hospitals, widely scattered about the country, occupies a great part of my time. An interesting slant on what subjects interest the boys I work with, is the fact that it is "Horses", first, last and always, which captures and holds their imagination. The most popular "Chalk Talk" (which is an hour's lecture, during which I make big, swift drawings in brilliantly colored chalks while I talk), is "The History of Horses". From Pegasus of the Legendary Greeks, down through little Siberian ponies, the Arab and Spanish Barb, then the breeding of the Racing Thoroughbred. The Hunter, Polo Pony,

Hackney, and, very popular, I assure you, "Old gray farm horse, bringin' in the sugar-sap."

The outstanding 'chasers which are so dear to my heart, come in for a great deal of admiration, even from boys who before they entered the service knew very little about such horses. Sussex, *Cottesmore, Iron Shot, Rouge Dragon are all favorites. When I predicted that Rouge Dragon would be chosen, outstanding 'chaser for 1944, and he was. The interest in this horse was intense. I have drawn him in every conceivable position to entertain the boys. There is even a Rouge Dragon Club in one hospital. 2d Lieutenant Gurdon Woods, A. A. F. who is well known in Warrenton and Middleburg, and is now in France, has what he calls his "Lallapalloosa Gallery". A sort of folder I believe it is, which travels everywhere with him, and that means North Africa, Corsica and Italy. This gallery can be set up at a moment's notice and the pictures changed every few days, according to the popularity of the subject. I learn that photographs I have sent him of Rouge Dragon and Sussex are prime favorites and often play repeat performances.

I am now working overtime to arrange to have the new Technicolor picture "National Velvet" shown in every hospital for War wounded. The sooner the better. On many points it warms the cockles of one's heart. A grand story. A remarkable cast play it to the hilt. But the 'chaser, and let me tell you THERE IS A HORSE, triumphs. I have never heard such yells and huzzas in a theatre as greet this horse whenever he makes his appearance. In two hospitals where this picture has been shown (and both times I was present) the boys couldn't get enough of it. In the days of my youth when I was casting about for something really vital and exciting to which I could "hitch my wagon", I saw the famous STAR, so many times spoken of. But I took one look at a Thoroughbred stallion, romping around a ten-acre lot. Theoretically I hitched my wagon to him. He has never let me down.

MR. NEWBOLD ELY'S HOUNDS

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Pennsylvania.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1931.



On January 24th there was 12 inches of snow. The drifts actually covered the stone walls and ditches. The bright sun made the top inch of snow damp.

We hacked direct to the Reservoir Pines. Soon after entering the dense covert on the sunny side of the slope, Garter, a Welsh bitch, granddaughter of the celebrated Gipsy, opened up. Hounds came out the west end with Garbo (Garter's daughter) leading. It was an interesting sight to see the young hounds driving through the snow. The line led up the ridge to Kovac's and turned down into Weirright's. Here our fox must have been turned as he again came up the rocky slope with Garter leading. Hounds were pressing him hard as they drove him out of the woods into the open fields of Kistler's and Van Truen's.

Shortly after reaching the open fields, a severe blizzard suddenly hit us in the face. It was impossible to see or hear hounds and so with difficulty, they were stopped, and we hurried back to the kennels before being snowed under.—W. E. B.

Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page One

base ball. In fact, it is stated that more women are often seen at the tracks than men—an assertion which experience tends to confirm. As is also well known, the promoters of base-ball have contributed but beggarly sums, in the way of taxation receipts, also of voluntary funds raised gratuitously for the purpose, to the war-effort. The revenue they have contributed to the various state treasuries has also been insignificant in comparison with that paid by the race tracks.

But that is not all. . . . A great outcry has been raised about the strain upon our railroad facilities by the shipment of race horses and their personnel to and from the tracks to the various meetings.

However, these meetings without exception run for weeks at a time, the majority for not less than a month and many of them for several months in succession, during which the horses, in the ratio of at least 90 per cent, remain localized and are not moved in or out. While, moreover, a very great percentage of them, when moved travel by truck and not by rail.

Still again, in the great racing centers such as New York, Chicago, etc., where several great tracks lie in close proximity to each other, horses can be transferred from track to track, by truck, in a few minutes; and, in case of emergency, can be and often are led from one to another.

Thousands of race horses were centralized in both the New York and the Chicago sectors throughout the entire racing season of 1944; and, after arriving there, from early spring to late fall placed no strain of any kind upon the railroads, and only a negligible one upon trucking facilities.

The same thing was true of the human personnel attached to them.

By contrast, the base-ball clubs are in continuous travel all season long, the total amount done by them being enormous.

Games between two given clubs are seldom scheduled to last more than three or four days in any one city, and very often they last but two.

The players spend a large part of their time upon the trains, and in so doing make many long jumps to and from cities distant from each other.

Moreover a traveling base-ball organization is no small affair.

It always travels first-class and seldom consists of less than 25 to 30 different individuals, for in modern days many substitute players are considered necessary; as many as five different pitchers being used by a single team in a single game, also many "pinch hitters", and the like.

There are managers, assistant managers, secretaries, treasurers, valets, mascots, etc., etc. including wives of officials and players, that are carried wherever the club goes—making, altogether, a formidable aggregation.

They usually travel on the best and fastest trains; have the best accommodations; regular passenger traffic is often much discommoded to give them right of way.

They also require much hotel and similar service, throwing a strain upon it—as scarce needs be said, all hotels in our larger cities today are crowded "to the guards" and often travelers are unable to find quarters at them.

All the above, or most of it, applies likewise to foot-ball.

While the foot-ball season is shorter than the base-ball season, during its course it is "hectic" in its progress. Its promoters boast that it attracts far greater crowds than either racing or base-ball and claim 80,000 or more for the "big" games.

Formerly a strictly amateur and collegiate (or scholastic) sport, it has been intensively commercialized and, as a profit-taking medium, is worked for all it is worth, though at the same time trying to wear a mask of "pure sport."

While a foot-ball team is supposed to consist of but eleven men, practically no game of any importance (or, indeed, otherwise) is confined to that many. Owing to injuries, accidents, exhaustion, etc., constantly occurring among the players, a team may use as many as thirty different men before a game is finished.

At the height of the foot-ball season the transportation of the teams, the "rooters" that accompany them, etc., etc., places a great strain upon railroads, buses, trucks, etc., etc., and, too, many long jumps are made.

Moreover, the vehicular traffic they create is far greater than either racing or base-ball produces. Over 40,000 motor-cars were asserted to have been parked about a foot-ball "bowl" one afternoon last fall.

Practically all base-ball players and foot-ball teamsters are of great athletic prowess and far removed from the rank and file of either very young boys or aged men that were pressed in to do the work about the racing stables and stock farms last season.

The vast majority of them are also of the assigned ages for war service or work in munitions factories.

When, therefore, the plea is made that they should of right be "given the green light" while racing is given the red one, soberly examined in light of the realities, it has, literally "not a leg to stand on."

It is an absolute sophistry, viewed from any angle.

In the last analysis, when driven into inevitable corner in any logical argument, its partisans fall back upon the equally hypocritical and untenable assertion that racing is a "gambling game" while base ball and foot-ball are "the people's sports."

This is another contention that rings hollower still.

Everybody aware of the actual facts knows very well that immense amounts of money are bet on all the principal base-ball and foot-ball games—and often upon others by no means so prominent.

There is, however, this difference to be noted.

Not a penny of revenue goes to any state or other treasury, or is devoted to any war or charitable purpose by the base ball or foot-ball interests from the betting they foster—while racing has contributed tens of millions of dollars during the past season alone, to such purposes, from the betting revenue.

When one puts the above facts in one's pipe and smokes them meditatively, the conclusion is plain:

Namely, that racing is being whipped around the stump for ulterior purposes, while base-ball, foot-ball, etc., are patted upon the back.

The Sporting Calendar

Horse Shows

(These dates are tentative and subject to change.)

MAY

- 6-Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.
- 12 & 13-Secor Farms Riding Club Horse Show, White Plains, New York.
- 13-Success Horse Show, Great Neck, L. I., New York.
- 16 to 20, inc.-Los Angeles National Spring Horse Show.
- 19 & 20 to 26 27-Meadow Brook Saddle Club Horse Show, N. C.
- 19 & 20 or 26 & 27-Harrison Horse Show, Harrison, New York.
- 19 & 20 or 26 & 27-Hartford Spring Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.
- 20-Oaks Hunt Horse Show (tentative), Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.
- 20-Western Massachusetts Horse Show, Springfield, Mass.
- 26 & 27-Deep Run Hunt Club Horse Show, Richmond, Va.
- 28 to June 2-Devon Horse Show, Devon, Pa. (tentative).

JUNE

- 2 & 3-Watchung Riding & Driving Club, Watchung, N. J.
- 7, 8 & 9-Sedgefield Horse Show, Sedgefield, N. C.
- 9 & 10-Grand Rapids Charity Horse Show, Grand Rapids, Mich.
- 9 & 10-Connecticut Valley Horse Show.
- 9 & 10-Second Annual Horse Show, Leona Stables, San Leandro, Calif.
- 13 to 16, inc.-Charles Town Horse Show, Charles Town, W. Va.
- 18 & 17-Long Meadow Junior League Horse Show, Long Meadow, Mass.
- 17-Birchwood Horse Show, Wethersfield, Conn.
- 16 & 17-Tarrytown Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Westchester Co., N. Y.
- 22 & 23-Richmond Co. Horse Show, Staten Island, N. Y.
- 23 & 24-De Witt Kiwanis Tecumseh Club Horse Show, De Witt, N. Y.
- 23 & 24-Three Oaks Riding Club Horse Show, Allentown, Pa.
- 29 & 30-Ox Ridge, Darien, Conn.

JULY

- 2, 3 & 4-Cache Valley Horse Show Ass'n., Logan, Utah.
- 3 & 4-Culpeper Horse Show & Racing Association, Culpeper, Va.
- 12, 13 & 14-Monmouth Co. Horse Show, Rumson, N. J. (tentative).
- 28 & 29-Junior League Horse Show of Colorado Springs (tentative).

AUGUST

- 4 & 5 or 11 & 12-Sagamore Horse Show, Bolton Landing, New York (tentative).
- 11-Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn.
- 11-Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va.
- 25-Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show, Keswick, Va.
- 25 & 26-Pioneer Valley Horse Association, Athol, Mass.

SEPTEMBER

- 1 & 2-Williamsport Horse Show, Williamsport.
- 1 & 3-Warrenton Horse Show Association, Warrenton, Va.
- 1 & 3-Altoona Horse Show, Altoona, Pa.
- 2-Blandford Fair Horse Show, Mass.
- 2 & 3-Quentin Riding Club Horse Show, Quentin, Pa.
- 2 to 9 inc.-Kentucky State Fair Horse Show, Louisville, Ky.
- 5-Central Wisconsin State Fair Ass'n. Horse Show.
- 7, 8 & 9-Maryland Hunter Show, Pimlico, Baltimore, Md.
- 9-Helping Hand Horse Show, Piping Rock Horse Show Grounds, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.
- 13, 14 & 15 or 27, 28 & 29-Piping Rock Horse Show Association, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).
- 15 & 16-Patrick County Hunt Club, Inc., Fairfield, Conn.
- 20, 21 & 22-North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).
- 20, 21 & 22-Chester County Horse Show, Devon, Pa.
- 22 & 23 or 29 & 30-Hartford Fall Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.
- 26 to 30 inc.-Los Angeles National Fall Horse Show.
- 26 to 29-Bryn Mawr Horse Show Association, Inc., Bryn Mawr, Pa. (tentative).
- 29 & 30-Bellewood Horse Show, Pottstown, Pa.
- 30 to Oct. 6 inc.-Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show, Ormond, Nebraska.

OCTOBER

- 5, 6 & 7-Rock Spring Horse Show, New Jersey.
- 7-Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.
- 27-56th Regiment National Guard Horse Show, Newburg, N. Y.

NOVEMBER

- 7 to 14, inc.-National Horse Show Ass'n. of America, Ltd., N. Y. (tentative).

DECEMBER

- 14 & 15-Brooklyn Horse Show, New York.

Hunter Trials

MARCH

- 11-Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Third of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

APRIL

- 8-Deep Run Hunt Club Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.
- 15-Deep Run Hunt Club Junior Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.

MAY

- 6-Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Fourth of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

JUNE

- 1-June 4-Thorncliffe Park Racing and Breeding Association, Ltd., Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 30 days.
- 19-26-Ontario Jockey Club, Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

JUNE

- 6-13-Long Branch Jockey Club, Dufferin

Horsemanship Contests

Continued from Page One

The new venture is a once-a-month horsemanship contest, for children eight to eighteen. Each child must enter the ring individually, and go through a rigid routine, being scored against for every fault made. Hands too high, feet too far back, looking down on going into the canter, wrong diagonals, every flaw against the rules of perfect equitation counts a certain percentage. But that is not all. Before entering the arena, each horse is inspected, and faults in tack are scored. At the end of the riding test, each child is asked three stiff questions which every good horseman should know.

All of this may sound to the initiated like just another equitation class, except for the individual performance. However, it goes a step farther. At the end of the class, each child is presented with an individual chart, stating where mistakes were made, and what points need to be corrected before the next contest. Every fault is explained in detail, and demonstrations of possible corrections given. We should like to wager that no child will ever make the same fault twice, and at the end of a very few sessions, clean performances will be ordinary. As an added incentive to perfection, the name of the winner for each month is engraved on a handsome bronze plaque set up in the club-house for all to see, and a certificate of merit presented. It is quite wonderful to us to see some of the younger children, whose legs scarcely seem long enough to straddle their mounts, riding with such ease and precision, and we feel that Mrs. Zimmerman is giving to these youngsters a wonderful foundation, as well as giving to the equestrian world a splendid generation of riders. Learning at the very beginning the importance of good form as well as the ability to make a horse go on, and achieving poise and ease in the show-ring and before an audience, is it any wonder that the names of "Barbara's gang" so often appear in the roster of winners?

First place for January 29, with three faults each, was a tie between Eva Gene Danger, oldest of the group, and Jo Ann Repose, one of the youngest, demonstrating that age and experience are not necessarily a criterion of the ability of these youngsters. Martha Mekeel, with 3 1-2 points, was a close 2nd. Patty Lassen and Jed Boscoe, with 4 1-2 points, shared 3rd place. Five points and 4th place went to Betty-Jean Lassen, Diane Thys, and Nina Warren. Barbara Mull and Pat Klein were 5th. Billy Lagomarsino and Nancy Teichert 6th, Adrianna Hale 7th, Jerry Boscoe 8th, Dorothy Herman 9th, Bobby Warren 10th, and Hermie Jacobs 11th. A truly beautiful group of riders and our congratulations to them all, and to Mrs. Zimmerman for accomplishing so much with them.

- Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.
- 16-23-Metropolitan Racing Association, Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.
- 25-July 2-Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.

JULY

- 4-19-Niagara Racing Association, Ltd., Fort Erie, 14 days.

AUGUST

- 4-11-Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.
- 18-Sept. 3-Belleville Driving and Athletic Association, Ltd., Stamford Park, Niagara Falls, Ont. 14 days.

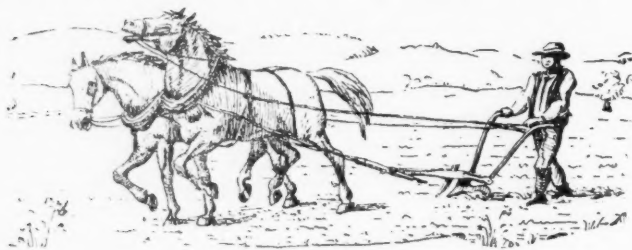
SEPTEMBER

- 8-15-Ontario Jockey Club, Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.
- 22-29-Thorncliffe Park Racing and Breeding Association, Ltd., Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

OCTOBER

- 3-10-Long Branch Jockey Club, Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.
- 13-20-Metropolitan Racing Association, Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont.

FARMING in WAR TIME



Dust Treatment Good For Spring Oat Seed

If you want to keep smut and decay and leaf blight away from your spring oat seed, a dust treatment before planting is highly recommended.

Plant pathologists believe in using the new improved cereal dust for the treatment. It doesn't injure the seed and costs only a few cents a bushel. It is poisonous, however, and should be handled with care.

You'll need a mixing machine—a barrel, cement mixer, and an old churn. Some suggest a chute arrangement called the Minnesota seed grain treater. It saves time, does a thorough job, and costs less than five dollars to build. Ask your county agent for plans for this mixer and full directions for treating seed.

It takes only a half-ounce of the dust for each bushel of seed. Treatment should be given at least 24 hours before planting. Or it may be done one or two months ahead of planting if the grain is carefully stored.

Taking precautions against poison calls for treating the seed out of doors or in a well ventilated room and storing the seed out of reach of animals. Treated seed left over from planting should be burned or buried.

The cost of treating your spring oat seed will be repaid many times and the time spent is too valuable not to be used.

Get Pressure Cooker Checked For Summer

No matter how far off those hot summer canning days may seem now, it's time to get your pressure cooker checked for needed repairs.

The canning job both farm and city women have to do during 1945 promises to be as important as it has been at any time since Pearl Harbor. With farm labor scarce as it is, food production on the nation's farms may hit a snag this year, making food conservation in the home more necessary than ever.

Ask your home demonstration agent about checking your pressure cooker. Your home agent can secure loans of gauge checks for checking

cookers now for 1945, so they may be ready to start canning the early peas.

Last year's tests showed that valves were in worse condition than gauges. These safety valves, you know, must be kept clean and dry. If food or moisture is allowed to clog up they soon rust or get so clogged that they are no longer a "safety". You may find that the spring in these valves often needs stretching or is rusty. If so, you will have to buy a new one.

D. H. I. A. Records Aid To Dairy Farmers

Scrub cows can be sly characters that fool dairymen into overlooking their yearly milk production. That's why careful records kept for each cow mean so much to the dairy farmers. There's no guess work in getting rid of the poor animals.

It's knowing what each of the cows in your herd does in the way of production that counts when it comes to improving a dairy herd, say dairy husbandmen for the Virginia Agricultural Extension Service. Careful records which tell the milk production, butterfat content, and feed history for each animal mean a lot to the dairyman. He knows how much feed each cow can eat and turn into profitable milk production. And he knows which cows are producing promising heifers and so can enter on a better breeding program for replacements.

Records provided by the dairy herd improvement associations in many Virginia counties are a big contribution to the state's dairy industry. Cows in dairy herd improvement associations averaged 7,319 pounds of milk last year and 316 pounds of butterfat per cow. For all cows in the state the average was only 3,797 pounds of milk and approximately 170 pounds of butterfat. Association cows produced about double the amount for the others.

Regardless of how good a dairyman you are and how carefully you watch your herd, some cows will deceive you. They may produce a fair quantity of fat free milk or may milk fairly well for three or four months after freshening. Or they may be beautifully marked. But if

their whole year's milk production is way down, they ought to be eliminated. Production figures show that the farmers who are using dairy herd improvement association records have been greatly benefitted by them.

High Quality Seeds Vital To Gardeners

Water won't rise any higher than its source and neither will seed produce any higher quality vegetables than the vegetables which produced the seed.

About the only way for the home gardener to be sure that he is securing good seed is to order the seed from some reliable source. There are many seed companies who take pride in furnishing good quality seed to their customers. Those are the places to buy seed.

Of course, folks who are planning 1945 vegetable gardens will not only want to buy good seed but they will buy it early. On the whole, our garden seed supply this year will take care of demands. Shortages, however, exist in certain varieties. You should order your seed early to get the variety you want.

Not only will you be doing yourself a favor by ordering early. It will also help the seedsman in spreading out the work for him over a period and giving him some indication as to what the need will be. Like everyone else, he has a labor problem.

It's not too early to be thinking about fertilizer for gardens. Nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium—the plant foods needed by all growing vegetables—are available in manure or commercial fertilizers. If you can get it, it will be worthwhile to apply manure to your garden at the rate of 20 to 30 tons per acre.

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Sedgefield

Continued from Page Six

the Boren woods and here the hounds struck quite a bother. With the assistance of Huntsman Thomas, they again picked up the line and this fox took them past the stables to a Negro church on the east side of the stables—the first time this year that such a thing has happened—and then doubled back by the stables into Boren's woods, across a road to the west, and into the same culvert, running under the golf course, that a previous fox had mistakenly assumed was a safe hiding place. This time, however, it was decided to call off the hounds and not kill this sporting fox who had been brave enough to pass his den early in the game when he could have gone in, and gave the hunt a good hour and a half run. Everyone thought he deserved to run another day, and the small field returned to the stables at dusk with the feeling that such a run on such an afternoon was too good to be true.

Lieutenant Jack Rochelle, son of Joint-Master Rochelle of the Sedgefield Hunt, shipped with a mule pack outfit from the Pacific Coast somewhere before Christmas, and evidently sufficient time has not yet elapsed for him to reach his destination and get word back to his Dad.

—T. V. R.

Saturday, February 10—Embassy Club 2:30 P. M. Followed by cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coble for entire membership at Embassy Club 5:30 P. M.

Wednesday, February 14—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, February 17—Sedgefield Stables 2:00 P. M. Followed by cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Slane at their home for the entire membership 5:30 P. M.

Wednesday, February 21—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, February 24—Adams' Lake 10:30 A. M.

Wednesday, February 28—Sedgefield Stables 3:00 P. M.

Saturday, March 3—Sedgefield Inn (Note Change Of Time) 10:00 A. M.

Wednesday, March 7—Sedgefield Stables 3:30 P. M.

Saturday, March 10—Boren's Pasture (West Gate) 10:00 A. M.

Wednesday, March 14—Sedgefield Stables 3:30 P. M.

Saturday, March 17—Sedgefield Stables 2:00 P. M. Followed by cocktail party given by Joint-Master and Mrs. Earl N. Phillips, at their home, "Brightwell" for entire membership 5:30 P. M.

Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

way to the gallops. So, in the very early hours of the morning, he had the doors and windows of the old house screwed up, all the would-be watchers being made prisoners. Rosicrucian won the trial by a neck from Blue Gown at even weights, but in the actual race, Blue Gown won the Derby by half a length, Rosicrucian, with which Sir Joseph had declared to win, being fifth.

Memorial To Lord Lonsdale

The late Lord Lonsdale was on every hand admitted to be Sportsman No. 1 in Great Britain. He was prominent in every branch of sport—racing, boxing, hunting, shooting, coursing, driving, trotting, and even loved a gamecock. At Lowther in Cumberland he always had round him quite a pack of Lakeland and other terriers, and he once frankly admitted that there were no days he enjoyed more than those amongst the wrestlers and sheepdog trial enthusiasts in his homeland. As a memorial it was proposed to put a window in Lowther church, and the design showed hounds and shepherds' dogs, both of which had the affection of his lordship up to the end of its long life. The Chancellor of the Diocese, however, did not think the artist's depiction of the great sportsman's outstanding interests quite suitable for a church, so declined to pass the original sketches. Alterations have been made by the artist and now the necessary faculty has been granted for the window to be placed in the church and another to the memory of the Countess.

Shortage Of Shoeing Smiths

In these days when we hear so much about the decreasing number of shoeing-smiths, and of the old men who are carrying on the forges in two or three adjacent villages without apprentices to succeed them, one wonders how horses are to be efficiently shod in the future. Those who have the concern they should have for horses' feet, will not mind sending long distances, and paying what at one time would have been thought an exorbitant price, to have their horses shod by a man who really understands his business. In this connection Mr. H. Leyburn writes to me:

"Here is a feat that will make horse-shoers everywhere sit up and take notice. Thos. Wilson of Piercebridge, put four new shoes on a hunter for the late Lord Londonderry in 10 mins. His lordship held the watch so there is no disputing the matter. In those days the Londonderry's were hunting from Cliffe Hall."

One wonders what those whose hunters cast a shoe will do in the future, for it will always be a gamble that they will hit the day on which

the forge is open at the hearest village now that one single-handed smith in many districts has taken the place of two or three (plus their assistants) and opens the various forges on certain days only.

Hooper Buys Broodmare

Fred W. Hooper—Florida construction man who turned down a record \$100,000 for the 2-year-old colt, Triumphal—has purchased Patricia P. from Mrs. A. Crouch to use as a broodmare at his Montgomery, Alabama farm. The brown mare is by Pilate, out of *Minarett II.

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In The Country:-



Successful Sale

Carolanne Farm, near Norfolk, Virginia, held its 1st annual auction sale last November and sold 41 head of horses at an average of \$832. The results of the sale were considered very good as all the horses offered, except 6, were unfinished colts. At the present time there are about 80 head of horses at Carolanne Farm, of which 20 are in training.

Meeting

The Secor Farms Riding Club, White Plains, New York, held its annual open meeting on Sunday, January 28. The election of officers was as follows: President, Barry T. Leithead; Vice-President, Dr. Graven F. Winslow; Secretary, Edgar C. Egerton and Treasurer, Ralph D. Comparet.

Fred W. Jones

One of the founding members of the Essex Hunt Club, Fred W. Jones, died on January 13 at Venice, Florida. Mr. Jones was 76 years old and had lived for most of his life at Gladstone, New Jersey. He served for a time on the Essex Foxhounds Race Committee. For approximately 50 years he was a regular follower of Mr. Pfizer's drag and later, the Essex foxhounds. By coincidence, when he was a boy at school in England, he frequently hunted with Essex Union Hounds.

At Fort Knox

Jack Cooper, secretary of the National Steeplechase & Hunt Association, is receiving his basic training in the army at Fort Knox, Kentucky.

Wrong Elevation

James Reynolds, who wrote "Conversation Piece. Reynolds and Reynoldstown", for last week's and this week's issues, states that on Page 15, beginning at the bottom of the 3rd column, should have read, "In order to acclimatize these horses to the thin, sharp air of 19,000 feet above sea-level, it was necessary to exert the greatest care and patience." The copy read, "1,900 feet".

"Gone Away With O'Malley"

"Gone Away With O'Malley" has gone to England. This most interesting book which was written by the well-known sportsman, O'Malley Knott, was recently bought by Hirst & Blackett, publishers in England.

Horses Sold

Leonard Solomon, New Rochelle, New York, is the new owner of the well known conformation hunters, *Dalchoolin and Mathematician, formerly owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Correll of Scarsdale, New York. Mathematician was purchased from Meander Farm, Locust Dale, Virginia by Mrs. Correll and was one of the outstanding hunters shown last season. *Dalchoolin has won over 100 ribbons each year for four years' running. He was also shown by Lt. Gordon Wright at Fort Riley. Mr. Solomon also purchased Mont, a 4-year-old Thoroughbred open jumper prospect from Joe Ferguson. The

horses will remain at Joe's stable and will be ridden by him and managed by Mrs. Correll. Royal Jester, which Mr. Solomon purchased through Mrs. Correll last summer, will also be at the stable.

Highweights

It is interesting to note that 22 of the 25 "Two-year-olds of 1944" presented in the recent T. R. A. booklet, were among the first 25 highweights on John B. Campbell's Experimental Handicap, announced in the current issue of The Racing Calendar of the Jockey Club.

The Campbell rating is headed by Walter M. Jeffords' Pavot and John Marsch's Free For All, both undefeated as juveniles and both sharing a burden of 126 pounds for the Experimental Handicap, which ordinarily would be run at the Jamaica Spring meeting.

The Experimental Handicap was until carded by the Metropolitan Jockey Club as a regular stakes in 1940, a purely theoretical rating of the juveniles of the previous season, patterned after the English Free Handicap.

One White Button

The colors of Lord Derby are perhaps the strangest racing silks in the world. According to the London Sketch the racing programs, or cards, as they are called abroad, have listed them incorrectly for over a quarter of a century. The program says: "black jacket with white cap and should read "black jacket with one white button and white cap". According to George Lambton, trainer for Lord Derby some 25 years ago, a jockey's white silk scarf became tangled with a button on the jacket giving the button a white covering. Noting this, Lord Derby directed that henceforth his silks have one white button, for luck.

Pinehurst Gymkhana

Continued From Page One

young horse and had a grand round. This was his first appearance in the ring, to the writer's knowledge, but I think we will be seeing and hearing more about this young horse.

The crowd got quite a thrill out of the open jumping when it boiled down to a jump-off between father and daughter Walsh. Joan won with Gold Star and Micky was 2nd with Little Gold. Mary Ann Tate placed 3rd with Sail On. The course was in figure eight with jumps consisting of striped barrels, chicken coop, post and rail, and plank fence.

The other events were ladies' horsemanship, won by Mary Ann Tate with Mrs. L. R. Parker 2nd and Joan Walsh 3rd; and an exciting potato race which both riders and spectators enjoyed.

Trewern Beagles

February Fixtures

11th Upper Hicks Farm 3:00 P. M.
18th Radnor Hunt 3:00 P. M.

25th General Green Inn 3:00 P. M.
Hounds will also go out on Mon. Feb. 12th and Thurs. Feb. 22nd. For further information, phone Malvern 2136-W. S. Stockton White, Acting Master.

To Revive Fair In Contra Costa

After a wartime lapse of four years, the Contra Costa (Calif.) County Fair will be revived next August, it was voted by directors of the 23rd Agricultural District at a dinner meeting at Concord recently.

Announcement of the decision to stage the agricultural exhibition at a late, summer date, to be set later, was made by Ernest Arata, chairman of the district board and president of the County Fair Association.

The group conferred with J. O. Snyder, representative of the State Department of Finance, and made preliminary arrangements for State premiums for exhibitors. The show will be staged at the Fairgrounds in Antioch where the last one was held in 1941.

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February Fixtures

Dr. Moran's Farm 10
Heigh Ho Farm 13
Cranford's Corner 17
Craggwood 20
Duration Farm 22
Plummer's Bridge 24
Great Elm Farm 27

Meet Time 1:45 P. M.

Landowners are invited to hunt. Please close gates, replace bars and avoid stock. Keep off seeded and soft ground, report all damage to Master. In case of inclement weather call Wis. 1868.

Col. H. H. Semmes and Ralph Counselman Joint M. F. H. F. Moran McConihe Secretary.

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Classified Ads

WANTED

WANTED—Couple, white or colored, on small place. Woman to do housework. Man to help care for riding horses and few outside chores. Two in family. Long Island. References. Box ECR, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 14 ch

WANTED—A two-horse trailer in good condition, good tires. Vicinity of New York. Box ECR, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 2-9 tf

WANTED—Competent man to take full management of large Virginia farm. Must have business and executive ability as well as complete farming knowledge and experience. Permanent position and good salary for the right man. Box HB, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1-12-76-c

WANTED—Couple. Attractive home in Pa. hunt country. Man do boots, breeches, gardening, 'butler'; wife do cooking, downstairs work. Write references. Mrs. John B. Hannum III, Unionville, Chester Co., Pa. 2-2-tf

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Grey gelding, 15.3, quiet and excellent jumper. Hunted by a lady for 4 seasons. Price \$350. Also child's pony. Inquire Henry Bowyer, Middleburg, Va. Tel. 7-F-5. 2-2-2t-c

FOR SALE—Chestnut gelding, two-year-old, by Peter Hastings out of good open-jump mare, Marina. Partially broken; good show hunter and jumper prospect. Price \$500.00. Box PH, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 2-9 2t ch

FOR SALE—Broodmare, bay, 16.1, 9 years old, Thoroughbred by Ladkin. A winner herself. Quiet, has been hunted one season. Price \$500. Call Silver Spring, Md. 0106 between 9 a. m. and 3 P. M. 2-2-2t-c

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR RENT—Unfurnished. The main dwelling of Twin Oaks Stud will be available for rent July 1, 1945, for one year. Four bed rooms, two baths. Servants cottage, garage, stables, garden and a certain amount of blue grass pasture included. Also cooking stove and large electric refrigerator. House on hill in grove of large oaks commanding extensive view of Cedar Run Valley. Center of Warrenton Hunt. Adjacent to four other packs. Three and one-half mile from cultural center of Warrenton, where still exists old Fauquier Club and excellent state operated liquor dispensary. \$100 per month with preference given to sporting female (or male) or family. Correspond direct G. Green Carter, Agent, Warrenton, Va. Colonel Richard J. Kirkpatrick, Owner, China Theater. 2-2-2t-c

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